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NATIONAL REVIEW

AT WAR

THE FIRST GREAT WAR OF THE 21ST CENTURY BEGAN SEPTEMBER 11, seemingly out of the blue. The United States is a target because we are powerful, rich, and good. We are resented for our power, envied for our wealth, and hated for our liberty. . . .

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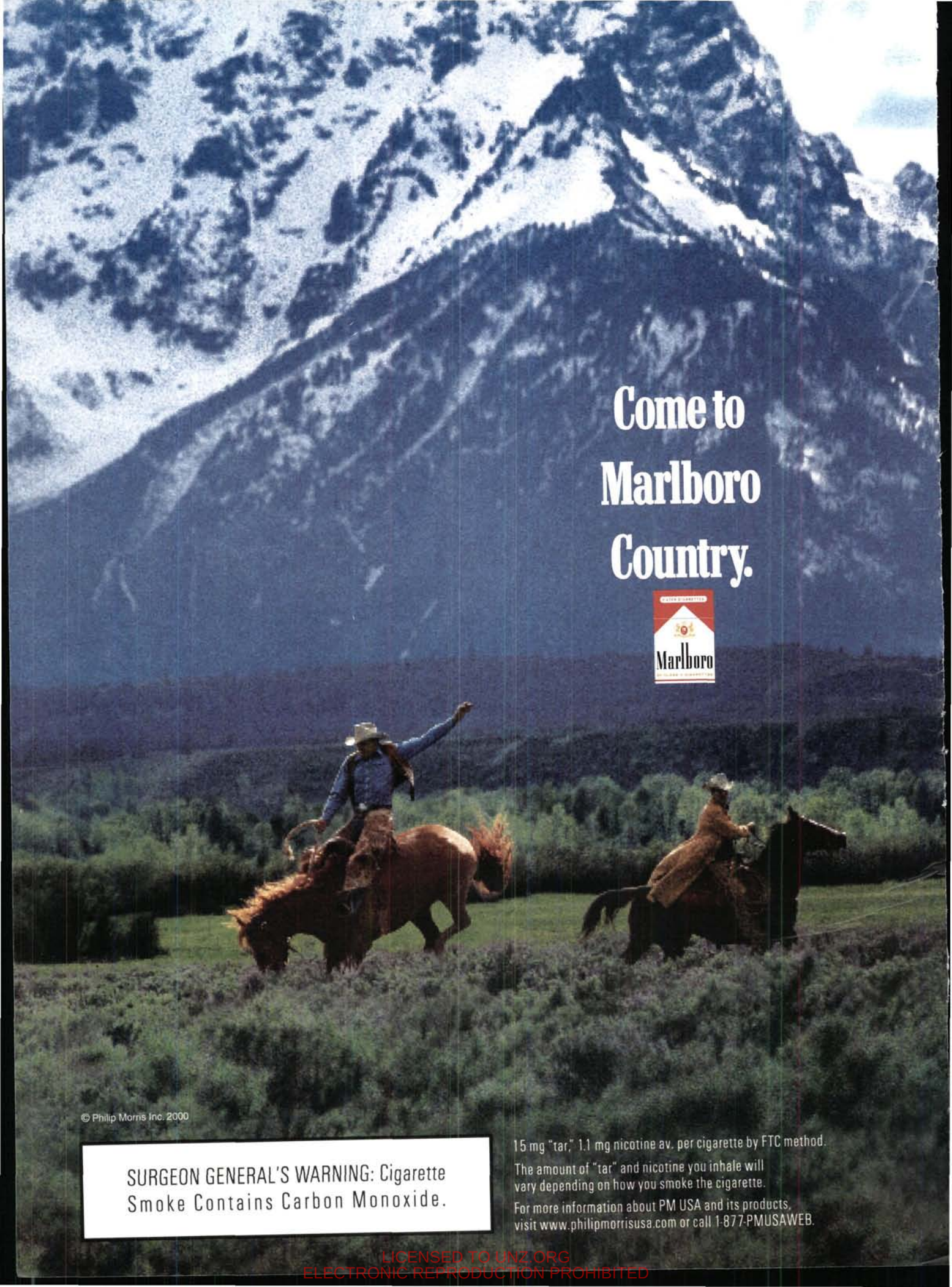

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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■ LETTERS ■

MORE TORT HELL

I wrote the articles that Jay Nordlinger dismissed as "challengeable (at best) substantively . . ." in his Aug. 20 piece, "Welcome to 'Tort Hell.'" Had he asked, I would have gladly answered any questions about my research. For these articles, I pored over thousands of records filed, as required by law, with our Board of Medicine. These records offer the best look into West Virginia's medical-malpractice climate. Like it or not, they flatly contradict virtually everything alleged by those who blame the state's insurance rates on lawsuits. The records I examined are public; anyone can double-check my research. The findings have withstood every challenge proposed so far, and have been nicely supported by separate records kept by our Insurance Commission. But the findings have also proven inconvenient to some, so they are occasionally subjected to cavalier declarations born of reasoning flimsy and fallacious. With his column, Nordlinger joins a select few who resort to anecdotes in the face of research, anecdotes that are mostly of a conveniently vague nature.

Oh, and Nordlinger also explains that West Virginians (i.e., your fellow Americans) are lazy, lawsuit-happy numskulls unfit to serve as jurors. When he indulges in such silly stereotypes, Nordlinger reveals the true message of his article: If you repeat a lie often enough, people will think it must be true, facts be damned.

Lawrence Messina
Charleston Gazette
Charleston, W.V.

JAY NORDLINGER REPLIES: *The Gazette is the dominant newspaper of West Virginia, and it is also its leading opponent of tort reform. Mr. Messina is the spearhead of that opposition. His work has indeed been challenged in West Virginia, and it appears to be contradicted by the "facts on the ground": Doctors are having to quit the state; they either cannot afford or cannot obtain liability insurance; they are perpetually afraid of lawsuits, altering their practices accordingly; recruitment into the state is impossible; insurers are refusing to write policies; patients are going without care.*

Mr. Messina charges that I am contemptuous of West Virginians. I have learned that he and his allies always do this; they always play this card. I am provoked to say that my wife is a West Virginian. So are dozens of our family members, our nearest and dearest. So are many friends, associates, and, yes, sources. It was from West Virginians, of course, that I learned about the state's troubles in the first place. It was from West Virginians that I gleaned every bit of information and opinion I had in my article—including reflections on the touchy issue of sociology and a resentful, plaintiff-friendly culture.

One of the obstacles to tort reform is that those like Lawrence Messina are able to tar every hard look as anti-West Virginian. When out-of-staters take such a look, they are scurrilous furriners; when West Virginians do, they are traitors. Mr. Messina and others like to say that people like me must think West Virginians are unfit to be jurors. Using the same rhetoric, we could say that our opponents regard West Virginians as unfit to be doctors. This is the sort of rhetorical and mental baggage that the state must drop, in my view, in order to make progress.

ASSIGNING BLAME

William Tucker's real quarrel is with the Founding Fathers, not liberal Supreme Court justices ("The Post-Columbo Era," Sept. 3).

He laments the fact that cops cannot detain citizens and drag them in for questioning without an arrest warrant. But limiting the power of the police is what distinguishes a free society from an unfree society. James Otis railed against the British writs of assistance because they placed the "liberty of every man in the hands of every petty officer." After hearing one of Otis's courtroom arguments, John Adams said he came to recognize what was at stake and was ready to take up arms against the British.

The Fourth Amendment's protection against warrantless arrests and searches is one of the most important bulwarks of liberty to be found in our Constitution. The Founders debated many things, but no one took the position that the Fourth Amendment would allow too many crimes to go unsolved.

Timothy Lynch
Cato Institute
Washington, D.C.

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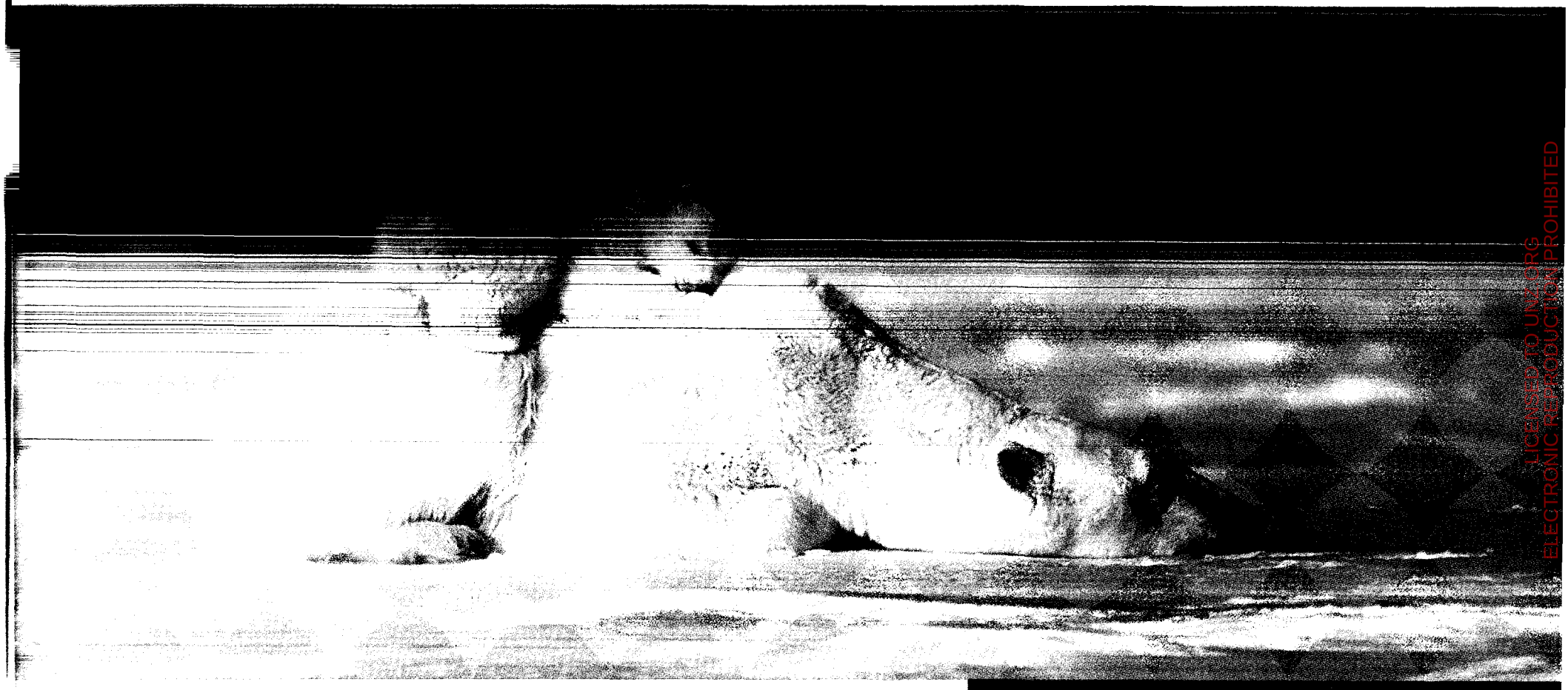

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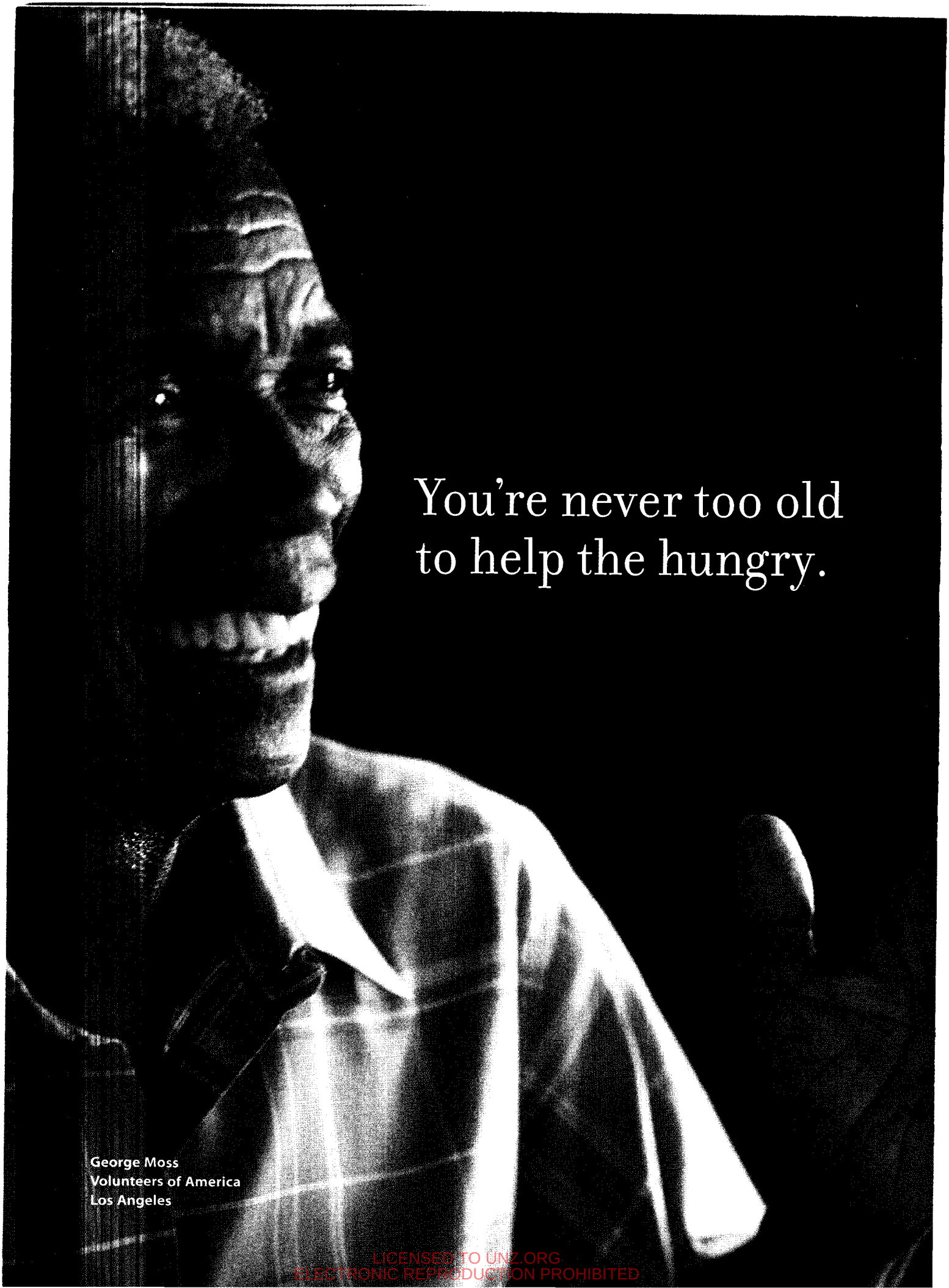

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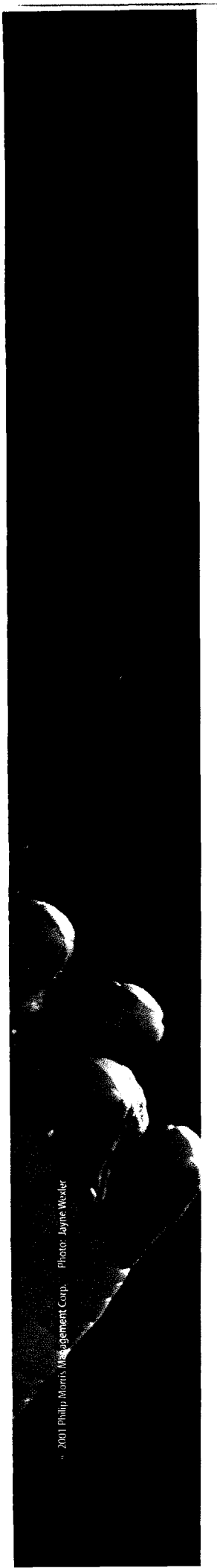

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VOLUNTEER TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Slowing down? George Moss is just getting started.
Instead of sitting back and relaxing, this 73-year-old retired shipping clerk delivers nutritious meals to over 100 homebound seniors each week for Volunteers of America. Why? Because he can — and because he knows he's making a difference.

Just ask George.

People like George not only provide food for the elderly, but the comfort of a friendly visit. Sadly, thousands of deserving seniors in communities across America are going hungry and the numbers are growing. George is proof that at any age, you can make a crucial difference to the lives of isolated seniors. Let those in need know that they are not alone and have not been forgotten.

To learn more about the many ways you can fight hunger among the elderly in your community, or if someone you know needs help, contact:

National Meals On Wheels Foundation
Toll free: (866) 820-8222
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. . . Few wars begin like their predecessors. The wars of the last century opened with thrusts into Belgium or Poland, a surprise attack on battleships, a lurch in Kuwait, a steadily accreting campaign of jungle murder. This war began with four hijacked airplanes targeted at the Pentagon, Camp David, and the two World Trade Towers.

No one should think of this as terrorism, which is the effort to spread death and dismay among civilian populations. Much death and grief ensued, but the targets were precisely picked to incarnate American power, democracy, and wealth. The September Massacres were a rational attempt to thwart the will and depress the spirits of the United States.

Our enemies have proximate motives, as political and military actors always do. But let no one imagine that any American policy or lack of it, or any change in our ethnic or religious makeup, could have insulated us from such a strike. The United States is hated because we are, indeed, powerful, rich, and good. Like the temples of Rome sacked by the barbarians, or the Greenwich Observatory that was the target of anarchists in Joseph Conrad's *Secret Agent*, our national headquarters and totems excite the fear and wrath of those in the world who feel themselves shortchanged. For this historical moment, anyone who has a quarrel with the status quo will find us, with varying degrees of truth, somehow implicated in his discontents. Our exposure to these emotions is an unavoidable badge of honor.

Because this was an act of war, its agents must not be pursued by resolutions, lawsuits, or any of the other legalistic and diplomatic devices by which we have tried to combat terrorists in the recent past. President Bush's and Secretary of State Powell's early talk of "hunting down" the perpetrators is incomplete. These are not traffic violators to be given a desk ticket at the night court of The Hague. After the time it takes to guess the attackers' commanders, which should not be long, those commanders, and their allies and patrons, should be paved over. If our retaliatory strikes hit a few of the world's warriors who happened not to be involved in this war, that will be no great loss.

News reports showed dancing in the streets of Middle Eastern cities, graphic proof that our enemies are not restricted to cadres of ideologues or leaders. Striking the war-making capacity of hostile nations may involve clearing some of those streets. When that happens, we should not shrink. Our European allies have, in many cases, battened off deals with rogue states. They should be told that, if they continue to do so, their assets in this country may be appropriated to repair the damage done to Washington and New York City.

The vacation that began with the end of the Cold War ended with the summer of 2001. All the twittering about lockboxes, tax cuts, and compassionate this and that; all the chatter about world structures and emerging mobocracies, was the sound of locusts. The first duty of the state is to protect the national security. *Salus populi suprema lex*. We need our diplomats, not to attend conferences and solve the world's problems, but to cut deals that are to our advantage and explain the consequences of actions that are not; we need our military resources, not to run elections and perform social work in the BedStuys and Appalachias of the world, but to punish offenses and intimidate enemies.

The September Massacres would not, of course, have been stopped by missile defense. They were not stopped by aircraft carriers. Does that mean we should have none? No great power seems to have been actively involved, but that does not mean that a great power might not threaten one day to send four warheads somewhere. We must be prepared to meet that threat, as we prepare to repel further attacks of this kind. Such an operation was not the work of a handful of men; there had to be coordination, planning, support. Our intelligence was woefully lacking; our domestic defense capabilities need to be addressed.

■

After the time it takes to guess the attackers' commanders, which should not be long, those commanders, and their allies and patrons, should be paved over.

■

Grievous as our losses have been, America has suffered worse in its history, in both pride and blood. The enemy once occupied Washington and burned the White House; the greatest killers of Americans were brother Americans in the Civil War. The systems and the character that emerged from those torments will emerge from this. The world, we have been taught, is always full of competing views. In the intellectual pine barrens of the West, there are anarchist and neo-Communist stirrings. Islam harbors a fundamentalist strain, a minority even in the Middle East, a small minority worldwide. China is modernizing the Asian road to despotism—a very old road; Confucius warned against it. These options lead to poverty and tyranny. The United States, for all its follies and sins, is the best the world has to offer.

We should therefore be of good cheer. In the darkest early days of World War II Winston Churchill told British diplomats on the European continent to light their windows, to hold the usual functions, to conduct themselves with confidence and spirit. No skulking in bunkers or military bases for him, or for us. Schedule the rebuilding of our wasted icons. Our fellow citizens are lost, but the steel and glass will come back. When it does we will hang out a million flags.

—ED.

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A world of ideas on public policy.

Public-Private Partnerships Are Key to Fighting Disease

By Joseph A. Cook, M.D.

Public-private partnerships involving governments, foundations, private companies, and non-governmental organizations have proven to be valuable allies in fighting the infectious diseases and epidemics that ravage the world's poorest and most vulnerable communities. Pharmaceutical companies have been prominent in these efforts, donating medicines and other resources to fight malaria, tuberculosis, and opportunistic infections associated with AIDS. Although debate continues about the appropriate organization and scope of the fight against infectious disease, consensus prevails on one key point: drugs alone are insufficient in the absence of strengthened healthcare systems and changes in health behaviors.

The International Trachoma Initiative (ITI) was among the first public-private partnerships to link prevention with treatment in developing countries, while building the infrastructure necessary for sustained improvement in public health. Founded by Pfizer Inc and the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation, ITI works toward the elimination of trachoma, the world's leading cause of preventable blindness. In addition to its programming for applied research and communications, ITI supports national efforts to eliminate trachoma through implementation of the "SAFE" strategy (Surgery, Antibiotics, Facial hygiene, Environmental change) recommended by the World Health Organization.

Trachoma has left some six million people throughout the world either blind or visually impaired, and 150 million people infected and in need of treatment. Another 540 million people – almost 10 percent of the world's population – are at risk of contracting the disease. Like many infectious diseases, trachoma disproportionately affects the poor, and it blinds women two to three times more often than men. The burden of trachoma falls most heavily on countries whose people lack basic access to water, healthcare, and education.

Based on fifteen years of research supported by the Clark Foundation, the SAFE strategy addresses the medical, behavioral, and environmental requisites for eliminating trachoma.

> ***Public-private partnerships have proven to be valuable allies in fighting the infectious diseases that ravage the world's poorest communities***

Because SAFE is a broad-ranging strategy that involves community development, health promotion, and curative medicine, it requires partnership across sectors. Yet because of its technical simplicity, trachoma control can be integrated with other community-based health and development efforts.

Established in 1998, ITI collaborates with a network of partners to implement the SAFE strategy at the community level in a number of countries where trachoma is endemic. These programs have already shown promising results. In Morocco and Tanzania, for instance, severe trachoma infection has fallen by half in children. Overall, more than 10,000 individuals have received sight-preserving surgery; 2.5 million have received treatment with the powerful antibiotic Zithromax® *(azithromycin)*; and an estimated 20 million have received health education in personal and community hygiene.

The identification of Zithromax as an effective agent in fighting trachoma, along with Pfizer's donation of it for use against trachoma in developing countries, represented major advances in the SAFE strategy. A single oral dose of Zithromax can replace six weeks of tetracycline ointment, applied twice daily. Pfizer's involvement in ITI represents one of the first philanthropic pharmaceutical efforts to include a preventive component, including support of a public health strategy that can ultimately eliminate a disease.

ITI's early success reflects the importance of partnership among private companies, international agencies, and governmental and non-governmental organizations in deploying SAFE and making measurable progress toward eliminating trachoma. From the beginning, ITI saw the need for competency-based partnerships to address the complex nature of trachoma and the multi-disciplinary action needed to control it.

ITI's experience offers a number of lessons that can strengthen the fight against HIV/AIDS and other threats to economic development and social stability. First, disease-control programs must rest on solid scientific research. Second, programs should be locally organized and respond to local circumstances. Third, treatment should be closely linked with prevention and the development of a strong public health infrastructure. Finally, as demonstrated by the SAFE strategy, the program must fit within the broader context of health and social-sector reform.

One hundred years ago, Robert Koch, the father of modern microbiology, urged the governments and philanthropists of his day to fund sanatoria to treat tuberculosis patients. But he added that these facilities alone could not address the "root of the evil" of TB – the overcrowded living conditions of the poor. As the prestigious medical journal *The Lancet* has commented, Koch's warning remains relevant today. Innovative medical treatments alone cannot conquer disease. We must also address factors related to behavior, the environment, and healthcare infrastructure.

Joseph A. Cook, M.D., is the Executive Director of the International Trachoma Initiative, a tax-exempt, charitable organization founded by the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation and Pfizer Inc to seek the global elimination of blinding trachoma. Additional information about ITI can be found at http://www.trachoma.org.

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Why They Hate Us

Sources of terror in the Arab world

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

THEY danced in the streets of the West Bank towns and in Gaza when they heard the news. They danced in parts of Lebanon. In Baghdad, state television played a song called "Down with America" as the World Trade Center towers collapsed. To these and their kind, the fact that many innocent people far away were killed is cause for rejoicing. They are possessed by hate, a simple thing that reduces everything and everybody to a simple perspective. Our tribe good, destined for victory—their tribe bad, destined for destruction. Us or Them.

There are of course many millions of Arabs and Muslims, including Iraqis and Palestinians, who do not rejoice, who repudiate this horror committed in their name, and who hope against hope that it is not as it seems, that Arabs and Muslims are not responsible. These are educated people, often secular in outlook, at home in Western culture as well as their own. They are as threatened as the rest of the civilized world by Islamic fanaticism. Only the bravest of them, though, will dare to say what they think, for fear of persecution and assassination. Now and again, the fanatics threaten to overthrow the local rulers. There follow such ghastly tests of strength as the flattening of the town of Hama by the late Syrian dictator Hafiz Assad, and the ongoing civil wars in Algeria and Sudan. Here too are cases of Us or Them, though both sides are Muslim.

Democracy is essentially a process of compromise between conflicting interests according to mutually agreed rules. This arises from an understanding that the alternative is a test of strength in which the strong will send the weak to the wall with no justice. Democracy means Us *and* Them. Yet nothing in the history or the culture of Arabs and Muslims allows them to put this into any form of political practice. From long ago they have inherited a cast-iron absolute system, in which the ruler does as he pleases, and the rest have no redress, indeed going to the wall. In the absence of inherent processes of compromise at any level of society, it is not a coincidence that absolute Muslim rulers are engaged in tests of strength everywhere with people of other religious persuasions: Hindus in Kashmir, Christians and animists in Africa, Buddhists in China and Indonesia, Jews in Israel.

Hate begins here, in the flagrant injustice and violence of daily life, in the corruption of the rich and the mindless poverty of the poor, in the absence of proper social mechanisms to do anything about it. And who is responsible for this? It requires a rather special character to be able to lay the blame for social failure where it properly belongs, on the people who comprise one's own society. Much easier, more satisfying, to blame everybody except oneself. And haven't Westerners themselves been putting their shoulders to that wheel by reiterating for many years that the plight of Arabs and Muslims has nothing to do with their own conduct or culture, but only with colonialism, imperialism, capitalism, Zionism, globalization? And that we are, therefore, guilty for whatever they may do?

It is of course impossible to fight so many powerful and conspiratorial isms all at once. A sense grows in the man on the street of his utter hopelessness and weakness in the face of this hydra of Them. He feels ashamed of his impotence, deprived of his manhood and dignity, unable to treat with others on the equal footing to which all mankind has a right. There is no point telling a man that his shame is unwarranted and likely to injure him first and foremost: He feels how it burns. Shame is the explosive fuel of his hate.

The terrorists took care in the selection of their targets. The World Trade Center stood as a symbol of American success, just as the Pentagon symbolizes American military might. These buildings serve as a projection of the U.S. presence. The terrorists cannot make aircraft, but in their attack on these buildings they also took care to convert American technology into an instrument against America. You boast that you are rich and successful, their actions declare, but we are able to turn your vaunted superiority against you. Now it is time for Americans to suffer in the eyes of all the shame and humiliation oppressing Us.

■

It is not a coincidence that absolute Muslim rulers are engaged in tests of strength with people of other religious persuasions.

■

They are dancing in the West Bank towns and elsewhere because at last they feel that America too knows the inferiority that comes from not being master of one's own destiny. They are dancing because at last they perceive themselves on an equal footing with the tribal Them.

Compromise is inconceivable, even if there were some mechanism for it, which there isn't. The usual range of liberal Westerners are already urging caution and restraint, arguing that retaliation Israeli-style only engenders more attacks. But that is to concede that we and the terrorists are on an unequal footing, and that they really *are* inferiors, children who must be humored and allowed their ways, however harmful. The truth is that they are, and always have been, on an equal footing. Now that they have committed an act of war, they need to be met accordingly. A test of strength is what they demand, and a test of strength is therefore what they must have. Anything less will encourage them to believe that they are destined be be victorious and to destroy the democratic tribe.

Anything less will also condemn to civil war and worse the many Arabs and Muslims who are certain to be victims, if ever Islamic terrorists were to become absolute rulers in yet more countries than Iran and Afghanistan. Democracy alone is able to supplant that sort of sterile hate and transform Us or Them into the Us and Them that we all deserve. **NR**

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Still Fighting Florida

Robert Zelnick is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution and acting director of the Boston University Department of Journalism.

After the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights reported in June that black voters in Florida had been discriminated against in last fall's presidential election, dissenting commission members asked scholar John R. Lott Jr. to take a look at the commission's numbers. Lott's analysis shows that the majority's selective statistical review had led to a distorted conclusion.

The commission found, for example, "a direct correlation between race and having one's vote discounted as a spoiled ballot." But Lott found that the highest rates of rejected ballots from African Americans came in counties controlled by Democrats with black election supervisors. **Clearly voter error was linked to education, income, and literacy. But the innuendo of wrongdoing dies hard.**

Remember the fuss over "undervotes?" About 2 percent of the ballots recorded no vote for the presidency. Most of the "decisions" made by politically agnostic, racially neutral machines were because voters had failed to follow instructions.

But how would the "stolen election" crowd respond to an outrageous case of ballot disqualification engineered by politically motivated human beings?

Enter the *New York Times* with its July analysis on the treatment of overseas absentee ballots. Here, there were several reasons to count every vote. First, most voters were absent because they were serving their country. Also, a 1986 federal law allows Americans living abroad who fail to receive state absentee ballots to cast a generic federal ballot. For good measure, a 1980s consent decree forced Florida to end a rule disqualifying overseas ballots that do not have an Army Post Office, Fleet Post Office, or overseas postmark.

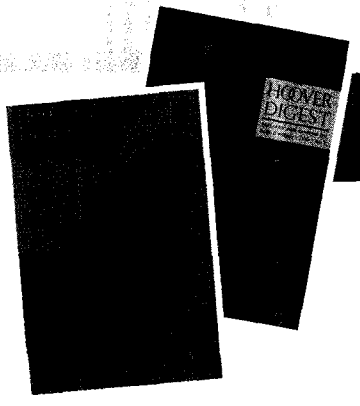
Nevertheless, an army of Gore lawyers fanned out across Florida determined to block as many of the feared military ballots as possible. In counties won by Mr. Bush, 29 percent of the overseas ballots were disqualified; in those captured by Mr. Gore, the figure was 60 percent. A federal judge later held that hundreds of overseas ballots were improperly thrown out either because they failed to carry an overseas postmark or because officials had no proof voters' using the generic federal ballot had met the deadline for requesting absentee state ballots.

Did the *Times* inveigh against this gross disenfranchisement of U.S. servicepeople and others? No, the newspaper charged instead that, since ballots with the same characteristics had been counted by some Florida counties, Bush's Florida victory had been tainted by "flawed ballots." Thus, counting a vote where the voter had failed to follow instructions is good, but counting what a federal court held were valid votes of military forces is bad.

The enduring effort to discredit Bush's election does little harm to his presidency. Rather, it feeds the already pervasive sense of cynicism about national institutions, the feeling that everything is rigged and nothing is fair. Whereas some seek to restore the temple of trust on which free government must stand, others play penny-ante Sampson and shake that temple to its foundation.

— Robert Zelnick

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.



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Eight Thoughts on Mass Murder

The grim truths

DAVID GELERNTER

1. *You don't win wars by defending yourself.* You win them by attacking the enemy. People say, "This is war," and they're right. But if our policy is merely defense and counterattack, this war can't possibly be won. The U.S. must take the initiative. The president should tell his service chiefs: Give me a plan of attack, *now*, against *any* known terrorist or terrorist state. They are all our sworn enemies.

2. *The U.S. ultimatum to Afghanistan.* By the time you read this, we may already have delivered an ultimatum to the government (such as it is) in Kabul. We needn't and shouldn't wait for the investigation of the September 11 massacres to finish. We know what bin Laden is—and if he didn't mastermind this mass murder, we want him anyway, because we don't play games with terrorists anymore. It is *Afghanistan's* job to find the man and hand him over. Our ultimatum should read: You have so many hours to turn him over, or prove to our satisfaction that he's not in Afghanistan. If you don't, we'll declare war and systematically destroy everything you own, every building and field, every shop and sheep in Afghanistan, one by one, until you hand the man over or there's nothing left. (Of course we'll always tell you our next target, so you can evacuate if you care to.) And if we wreak havoc and still don't get our man—in the future, bloody-minded states might think twice before sheltering aspiring murderers.

3. *The topic is "guilt," not "responsibility."* The president spoke well on the evening of the 11th. He spoke about "justice" and "evil." But in some ways we are still confused. People say that we have to find the "responsible" parties. What they mean is the *guilty* parties. Back in the '70s, terrorists would murder people, and ignorant, oblivious reporters would announce: "The PLO [or some other bloodthirsty barbarian group] has *claimed responsibility*." Every time you heard that phrase, your blood ran cold. Those reporters had turned themselves voluntarily into propaganda machines. They should have said: The PLO has "admitted *guilt*," or "claimed guilt"—a gruesome phrase that says something important. In the '70s, all sorts of enlightened Americans were politely interested in terrorism. We still haven't fully recovered from the harm they inflicted.

4. *Hunt and punish.* The president said on the 11th that we would hunt down these murderers and punish them. Henceforth, when Israel hunts down terrorist murderers and punishes them, I assume the State Department will be enthusiastic.

5. *Closing the barn door.* Experts have warned us for years about the self-imposed weakness of American intelligence, especially human intelligence. Our weakness reflects not merely the tragic moral confusion of recent decades (especially the late '70s), but our blind-idiot's faith in technology. Who needs mere "human intelligence" when we have the world's fanciest, highest-tech "signals intelligence"? (And who needs well-trained, well-armed servicemen when we have so many fancy machines?) We will now attempt to fix our intelligence-gathering operations. How many other catastrophic defeats will we suffer before we pay attention to our other screaming weaknesses? We've known for years that criminal nations would like to shoot missiles at us (or be able to threaten us with missiles) and are frantically trying to figure out how. We need a national crash project: ABM defenses within twelve months. We've let our military deteriorate, relentlessly politicized it, and allowed too many of our military training programs to be turned into jokes. Our guiding spirit has been: We're so rich and powerful, no amount of incompetence can hurt us.

6. *Remember Nablus.* Yesterday we saw men, women, and children take to the streets to celebrate mass murder. We should never forget those pictures. Some organization ought to run a full-page Nablus photo with a headline like "Oslo? This is Oslo. Any more bright ideas?" We ought to round up a flock of multiculturalists—the all-cultures-are-equal types—and show them what Nablus and East Jerusalem looked like yesterday.

7. *Freedom and democracy had nothing to do with it.* The president and secretary of state said that the massacres were an attack on freedom and democracy. Don't believe it. These murderers don't even know what freedom and democracy *are*. Their goals are to create suffering and death. Suffering and death for their own sakes are what they believe in.

8. *Pride.* New York and Washington were attacked, not Paris and Rome—and something tells me that Mideast terrorists are not *about* to attack Paris or Rome. No doubt internal Arab politics had something to do with the massacres, but in the end there is one reason why the United States is the target: We are the only nation in the world with the decency and heart to stand up for Israel. If Japan and Europe and the new democracies of Asia and South America cared about Israel's right to exist, and to defend herself, and if they stood up and said so—I'll wait while the laughter dies down—if they *all* were to say: We are against cold-blooded murder in America *and* Israel, we reject the ludicrous and evil claim that "moral equivalence" holds between Palestinians whose goal is to murder Jews and Jews whose goal is not to be murdered . . . how could the mass murderers ever choose among so many juicy targets? They'd be paralyzed. But they're unlikely to face that dilemma, ever. Every man, woman, and child who died in the September 11 massacres is a witness to the greatness and majesty of the United States. They didn't ask or deserve to die for American greatness, but they did. We ought to tell the world: Save your crocodile tears. These are dead not merely to mourn but to honor, and we dare not fail to avenge them. **NR**

Mr. Gelernter is author of *1939: The Lost World of the Fair* and other books.

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War, not 'Crimes'

Time for a paradigm shift

DANIEL PIPES

'MAKE no mistake: The United States will hunt down and punish those responsible for these cowardly acts." So spoke President Bush in his address to the nation soon after the catastrophic events of September 11.

I agree with the president's sentiments but disagree with two specifics in this statement. First, there was nothing cowardly about the attacks, which were deeds of incredible—albeit perverted—bravery. Second, to "hunt down and punish" the perpetrators is deeply to misunderstand the problem. It implies that we view the plane crashes as criminal deeds rather than what they truly are—acts of war. They are part of a campaign of terrorism that began in a sustained way with the bombing of the U.S. embassy in Beirut in 1983, a campaign that has never since relented. Occurring with almost predictable regularity a few times a year, assaults on Americans have included explosions on airliners, at commercial buildings, and at a variety of U.S. governmental installations. Before last week, the total death toll was about 600 American lives.

To me, this sustained record of violence looks awfully much like war, but Washington in its wisdom has insisted otherwise. Official policy has viewed the attacks as a sequence of discrete criminal incidents. Seeing terrorism primarily as a problem of law enforcement is a mistake, because it means:

- Focusing on the arrest and trial of the dispensable characters who actually carry out violent acts, leaving the funders, planners, organizers, and commanders of terrorism to continue their work unscathed, prepared to carry out more attacks.
- Relying primarily on such defensive measures as metal detectors, security guards, bunkers, police arrests, and prosecutorial eloquence—rather than on such offensive tools as soldiers, aircraft, and ships.
- Misunderstanding the terrorist's motivations as criminal, whereas they are usually based on extremist ideologies.
- Missing the fact that terrorist groups (and the states that support them) have declared war on the United States (sometimes publicly).
- Requiring that the U.S. government have unrealistically high levels of proof before deploying military force. If it lacks evidence that can stand up in a U.S. court of justice, as is usually the case, no action is taken. The legalistic mindset thus ensures that, in the vast majority of cases, the U.S. government does not respond, and killers of Americans pay little or no price.

The time has come for a paradigm shift, toward viewing terrorism as a form of warfare. Such a change will have many implications. It means targeting not just those foot soldiers who actually carry out the violence but the organizations and governments that stand behind them. It means relying on the armed forces, not policemen, to protect Americans. It means defense overseas rather than in American courtrooms. It means that organizations and governments that sponsor terrorism—not just the foot soldiers who carry it out—will pay the price.

It means dispensing with the unrealistically high expectations of proof so that when reasonable evidence points to a regime's or an organization's having harmed Americans, U.S. military force can be deployed. It means that, as in conventional war, Washington need not know the names and specific actions of enemy soldiers before fighting them.

It means retaliating every single time terrorism harms an American. There is no need to know the precise identity of a perpetrator; in war, there are times when one strikes first and asks questions later. When an attack takes place, it could be reason to target any of those known to harbor terrorists. If the perpetrator is not precisely known, then punish those who are known to harbor terrorists. Go after the governments and organizations that support terrorism.

It means using force so that the punishment is disproportionately greater than the attack. The U.S. has a military force far more powerful than any other in the world: Why spend hundreds of billions of dollars a year on it and not deploy it to defend Americans?

I give fair warning: The military approach demands more from Americans than does the legal one. It requires a readiness to spend money and to lose lives. Force works only if it is part of a sustained policy, not a one-time event. Throwing a few bombs (as was done against the Libyan regime in 1986, and against sites in Afghanistan and Sudan in 1998) does not amount to a serious policy. Going the military route requires a long-term commitment that will demand much from Americans over many years.

But it will be worth it, for the safety of Americans depends ultimately not on defense but on offense; on victories not in the courtroom but on the battlefield. The U.S. government needs to establish a newly fearsome reputation, so that anyone who harms Americans knows that retribution will be certain and nasty. Nothing can replace the destruction of any organization or government that harms so much as a single American citizen.

To those who say this approach would start a cycle of violence, the answer is obvious: That cycle already exists, as Americans are constantly murdered in acts of terrorism. Further, by baring their teeth, Americans are far more likely to intimidate their enemies than to instigate further violence. Retaliation will reduce violence, not further increase it, providing Americans with a safety they presently do not enjoy. **NR**

Mr. Pipes is director of the Philadelphia-based Middle East Forum, a columnist for the *Jerusalem Post*, and the author of *Conspiracy*. He can be reached via www.DanielPipes.org.

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What Are We Made Of?

The guts to resist evil

VICTOR DAVIS HANSON

THE United States finally entered the First World War because of the nation's lingering outrage over a few hundred floating bodies from the sunken ocean liner *Lusitania*, which was torpedoed during Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare. More than two decades later, we declared war against the Japanese Empire after 2,400 of our sailors were surprised and killed on a Sunday morning at Pearl Harbor. In the aftermath of each attack, the United States did not seek the sanction of world opinion. Instead, it unleashed the dogs of war, precipitously so against countries that had promised and delivered death to our people.

In the days after Pearl Harbor, a dazed American public saw newsreels of victorious Japanese shouting "Banzai!" with arms outstretched on conquered American outposts. What terrible foes, we thought, to hate us so—so adroit at surprising us, so successful at killing despite our defenses.

Yet the generation of our fathers was not impressed by either images or rhetoric. In response, a rather innocent and unprepared nation in less than 60 months left both Germany and Japan in smoldering ruins. Both fascism and Japanese militarism were incinerated and have not plagued the world for over a half-century.

On September 11, the United States was attacked in a similar way. The only difference between Pearl Harbor and the assaults on the Pentagon and World Trade Center is one of magnitude. Ours now is the far greater loss. No enemy in our past, neither Nazi Germany nor Imperial Japan, killed so many American civilians and brought such carnage to our shores as the suicidal hijackers who crashed the very citadels of American power in our nation's two greatest cities. It may well be that more Americans died on the 11th than fell at Gettysburg or Antietam, or in fact on any other single day in American history. Surely, by any fair measure, we should now be at war.

But are we, and shall we be?

This generation of Americans is now at a crossroads. We must decide whether we shall continue to be the adolescent nation that frets over the trivial and meaningless while our enemies plot death under our very noses, or our fathers' children—who accept the old, the sad truth that "the essence of war is violence, and moderation in war is imbecility."

The voices of our therapeutic culture will be heard. Indeed, they already have. We all know the old litany of inaction and self-loathing. Such seething hatred is inevitable, we are told, given our world swagger, and is the bothersome price of global activism. Should not we look inward, others will remind us, to examine why so many despise us so much?—as if people who practice neither democracy nor religious tolerance nor equality are our moral superiors. And are not these isolated terrorists emissaries of a new war that we do not understand and for which we are ill equipped?—as if we, the greatest military power in the history of civilization, cannot fathom the unchanging and eternal nature of blood and iron. Is not our support of democratic Israel the source of our calamity?—as if we should abandon the only democratic island in a sea of fanaticism and autocracy.

As in the case of the Marine barracks in Lebanon, the Lockerbie airliner downing, the slaughter of our servicemen in Saudi Arabia, and so on, we know well the vocabulary of prevarication practiced by our political and media pundits. We shall "track down and punish" the terrorists; we must "bring to justice the perpetrators," who can "run but not hide"; we will "act swiftly and deliberately," but of course at all times "soberly and judiciously." Etc. Then will follow the old nostrums: Europe must be consulted, moderate Arab states entreated, the U.N. petitioned. Few will confess that we are in our own outright bloody war against tyranny, intolerance, and theocracy, an age-old fight against medieval foes who despise modernity, liberalism, and freedom, and all the hope that they bring.

But Americans now must ignore the old lie, because at last they also know the new truth: Despite the braggadocio of past years, we have in fact done nothing—and so invited war onto our shores. Worse still, we have disguised that nothing in the rhetoric of the criminal-justice system, as if these enemy warriors were local misguided felons to be handed over to our courts. Our diplomatic experts could keep us in comfortable stasis with the usual whispers about the consequences of "polarizing" the Arab world or "radicalizing" moderate societies—folk perhaps such as the Palestinians who were celebrating on the 11th in their streets over news that thousands of bodies lay strewn in ours. Worse even still, after the launching of a few impotent cruise missiles, we could go on cloaking that nothing in the immoral vocabulary that we are too civilized to punish evil, or perhaps too comfortable or too sophisticated to kill killers.

And so Americans die; they are forgotten; and we do nothing—hoping that our enemies will at least do their awful work on our distant ships or barracks rather than at our doorsteps.

Yes, we are at a great juncture in American history. We can go to battle, as we did in the past—hard, long, without guilt, apology, or respite, until our enemies are no more. It was our fathers who passed on to us that credo and with it all that we hold dear. And so just as they once did, we too must confront and annihilate these killers and the governments that have protected and encouraged them. Only that way can we honor and avenge our dead and keep faith that they have not died in vain. Only with evil confronted and crushed can we ensure that our children might still some day live, as we once did, in peace and safety. **NR**

Mr. Hanson is the author most recently of *Carnage and Culture: Landmark Battles in the Rise of Western Power.*

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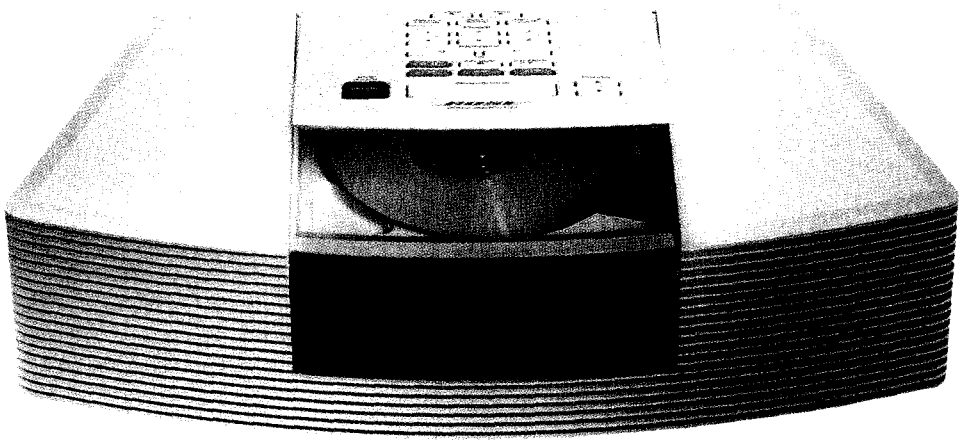

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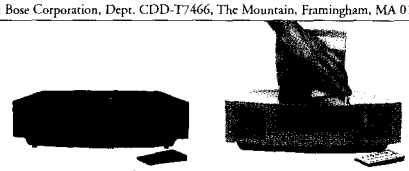

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No Surrender

The option to 'empire'

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

ONE thing that can safely be predicted in the aftermath of the September 11 attacks is a revival of the old "republic or empire" debate. Patrick Buchanan's 1999 essay "Is Cataclysmic Terror Ahead?" is being widely recirculated. Sample:

> *On the day after Pearl Harbor, ex-President Herbert Hoover sat down and wrote to friends: "You and I know that this continuous putting pins in rattlesnakes finally got this country bitten."*

I confess to some sympathy for the Buchananite position, but I cannot share it. For one thing, it would be dishonest, at a personal level, for me to do so. If not for America's having been willing to send troops abroad to fight, I should not now be here writing this. If alive at all, I would be out working in the fields under some Gauleiter für Ostmittelengland. To a lot of us raised in the rest of the world, having America as a remote, self-absorbed champion of theoretical liberty is all very well; but we rather like the interventionist thing, too. There are also strong practical reasons to favor American interventionism. Would the world have been a better, or a worse, place this past few decades if America had stood aloof from the world wars? Would America herself have been safer, more secure, more prosperous? It seems pretty plain to me—though certainly arguable—that the answers are: "worse" and "no." I like Pat Buchanan, and a great deal of what he has to say, but I cannot be a Buchananite. Republic or empire? Empire, please.

I understand, of course, that Americans at large, even those who have never even heard of this debate, are schizophrenic about the matter. They cannot see why the affairs of Albania or Zimbabwe are any darned business of theirs, much less why they should send off their beloved children to be killed in such places. And yet at some level they understand that the "republic" option is, at bottom, a fantasy: that however much they might wish to leave the world alone, the world will not leave America alone. Public opinion supported the Vietnam war almost until it ended; it was the elites who turned against it, not ordinary Americans. Great wealth and great success generate great envy and great hatred. And America's high ideals, if clutched jealously to America's chest while those abroad who believe in them are hunted down and slaughtered without aid, will wither and die. The urge to give a helping hand to liberty will sooner or later prove irresistible to this cocky, fearless, liberty-loving nation.

My native Britain actually *did* practice empire, very successfully, but eventually decided that the trouble and expense were too great, and gave up on it. Certain things followed, one by one. For example, she lost the ability to defend herself. From WWI onwards, Britain has been, in essence, a U.S. protectorate. For another, the British people sank gradually into a mentality of fatalism and appeasement in which no vigorous action against her enemies is possible. To see what I mean, look at Britain's response to Irish terrorism. For years, British politicians have failed to do what the leaders of civilized nations *must* do when faced with terrorism in their own jurisdictions: hunt it down and exterminate it, without pause or pity or quarter or apology.

Why have those politicians refused to do that thing? Why are IRA terrorists walking around free in the streets of Belfast and Dublin, having been let out of jail in return for a few vague, empty promises from their managers to the lawfully constituted authorities of the U.K. and Ireland? The fundamental reason is not hard to find. Britain, having forgotten its responsibilities as an upholder of civilization, no longer cares

■

If not for America's having been willing to send troops abroad to fight, I should not now be here writing this.

■

to confront civilization's enemies in the way they *must* be confronted. She has put her trust instead in "peace processes," in legalisms and trials, in panels of international do-gooders blathering on about "human rights," in the *State Department*! She did *not* put her trust in the still-faced, steady-eyed, soft-talking men and women who do civilization's dirty work for it.

The option that the last few British governments have taken—the surrender option—is available to America, too. It may even be the one we choose. I was dismayed to hear the president, in his speech on the evening of the massacres, speak about his instructions to find "those responsible" and "bring them to justice." These are not traffic violations; these are acts of war. And "those responsible" are already dead. They killed themselves attacking our country, and were proud and happy to do so. Some Americans—I speak as the father of two American children—will have to get killed attacking *their* countries. Some of those Americans, likewise, will be proud and happy to face danger and even death on behalf of the nation they love.

Dirty business, running an empire. Dirty business, defending civilization against barbarism. *Barbaric* business, sometimes—*there's* a paradox to ponder . . . But don't think you're the first to ponder it. It was a Roman who said *oderint dum metuant* ("let them hate, so long as they fear") and a Roman who rebuked him for saying it. Dirty business, dirty business. But then, there is always the surrender option. **NR**

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■ CITY DESK ■

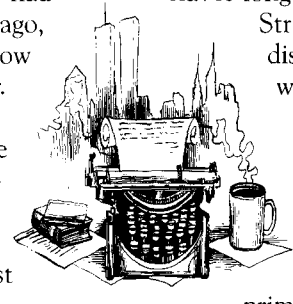
Our Day of Infamy

RICHARD BROOKHISER

And there appeared a great wonder in Heaven.

The day of infamy was a perfect September day in New York. The city had been stifling under a mask of late summer humidity; the night before it had broken in a torrential thunderstorm; an inch of water had fallen in a quarter of an hour. But the next morning was bright, blue, at the edge of crisp.

As rumor, the dog of panic, made its way, the story pieced itself together. People stood on street corners that had views to the south, the direction of the financial district. Truckdrivers turned their radios up, dog walkers slowed to listen as they passed. From the World Trade Towers, distant and gleaming, stretched a thick windsock of smoke. A plane had crashed into it, said a looker-on. This had happened to the Empire State Building, decades ago, by accident. But then one who was more in the know said it had been two airplanes, one in each tower. This was the piece labeled intent. At a hospital, miles north of the scene, the squat EMS vans were already homing in like carrier pigeons. At my voting place (it was primary day), a poll worker, an old black woman, looked out the window and fretted with the soft pained sympathy of the last Christians on earth.



As soon as one entered the realm of media, all became the usual fever of stimulation. Professionals trying to discover the truth said what they did not know. Leaders, joined for a brief moment with the led in bafflement, stiffly assumed the mask of command.

For in one hour so great riches is come to nought.

The World Trade Towers were slow to enter the affections of New Yorkers. The city's previous tallest buildings—the Chrysler Building and the Empire State—will have the look of the future stamped on their aspiring lines as long as they stand. The World Trade Towers, tall though they were, seemed squat for being sawed off. The TV mast on Tower 2 only emphasized their apparent hunching. They didn't even give the city the honor of having the tallest buildings in the world, as that distinction flitted to Chicago, then Kuala Lumpur.

Light helped them—dawn, dusk, moments of haze. So did their doubleness: It was very American, an amateur architecture critic pointed out to me, to design not one huge building, but two. Maybe the investors got a deal. The failed bombing attempt in 1993 sealed the buildings' bargain with New Yorkers; evil foreigners had tried to do us wrong, but luck and pluck had seen the towers through.

If the United States had no residents of foreign birth or ethnicity, and if it had no foreign-policy dealings in any inflamed portion of the globe, it would still be the preeminent target of the postmodern age, for we, and especially New York, are the symbols of getting and spending, of capital and globalization. The fear of that power, as sin and symbol, is very great.

And the fruits that thy soul lusted after are departed from thee, and all things which were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all.

The merchants of these things, which were made rich by her, shall stand afar off for the fear of her torment, weeping and wailing, and saying,

Alas, alas that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls!

This is not the scripture of the doers of the deed, but it is a universal sentiment. Babylon, Rome, London drew the envy and excited the resentment of rubes and poets everywhere. Of all the cities of the New World, Nieuw Amsterdam was most likely to take their place. Boston, Philadelphia were holy experiments. This city was always about trade, from beaver pelts to derivatives.

And much of that traffic, we know, was ill gotten. The city fathers outfitted pirates. Blackbirders slipped in ships full of slaves long after the slave trade was declared illegal. Wall Street sharpies cozened each other; entrepreneurs of distraction catered to Stanford White and Bowery wretches.

But, men being men, most of that traffic was daily and just, cleansed by their honest effort. Even Henry Adams, the most crabbed of our great historians, wrote that Americans, from inventors tinkering with steam engines to pioneers sweating in the trees, were not motivated primarily by greed, but by hope. The "contact of a moral atmosphere" made newcomers work and plan. In hovels and wilderness, they saw instead "a glowing continent." St. John on Patmos had before his eyes a vision of the human heart in eternity; the workers of the world, once they came to New York and the United States, could have a vision of tomorrow, a little better than the day before.

At the anteroom of that continent, an hour after their rendezvous with hatred, the Towers went down in a cloud of grey snow. Suddenly the skyline went back to the War, to the Depression, to the 1939 World's Fair. The figurehead on the prow of Manhattan had been sheared off, the masts and smokestacks of Midtown remained. In the grieving, and the wargaming, there will be more important things to consider, but let this point be on the agenda. The Towers will rise again, in all their slowly endearing ugliness. Or New York will design something new, on some other piece of real estate. Someone is already making the calls, figuring out the regs, working the aid packages. It may be built on Governor's Island. Perhaps there will be something on the Brooklyn waterfront. Time now to look hard at those rail links. The world is full of devils, the hopped-up and the sickly-holy. But New York still has business to attend to. **NR**

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Peace, False and True

The necessity of war

RICHARD LOWRY

BEFORE his election in November 1992, Bill Clinton spoke of the Middle East peace process as if it were a cooing infant: "I think that we have to give this peace process a chance to work. We have to nourish it; we have to support it; we have to maintain its continuity." Even after eight years of failed diplomacy, including Barak-Arafat negotiations that led directly to more violence, the peace process still held Clinton's affection: "The violence does not demonstrate that the quest for peace has gone too far—but that it has not gone far enough. And points not to the failure of negotiations—but to the futility of violence and force."

Eight months, more dead bodies, and a new administration later, Washington—at least until the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks—still hadn't entirely given up on the peace process.

For such a fragile thing, needing constant nurturing and support, the peace process seems pretty durable: It, or the notion of it, survives most any act of violence, hatred, and war. As British political thinker Michael Howard writes, "Throughout human history mankind has been divided between those who believe that peace must be preserved, and those who believe that it must be attained." In the current Middle East crisis, that first school of thought is so stubborn that it insists on trying to "preserve" a peace that doesn't exist, a peace that is a fantasy overlaid on the bloody facts on the ground, the mortar attacks, the ambushes, the suicide bombers.

"War appears to be as old as mankind," wrote Sir Henry Maine in the 19th century, "but peace is a modern invention." Our way of thinking of peace today is an Enlightenment one: It is a peace, as Howard puts it, "resulting not from some millennial divine intervention that would persuade the lion to lie down with the lamb, but from the forethought of rational human beings who had taken matters into their own hands." Peace, in other words, as the end-result of a rational process. This is the idea of peace that was originally formulated by 19th-century thinkers like Kant and Bentham, that animated Woodrow Wilson and, after him, all the hopeful appeasers between the two world wars, and that eventually passed through Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton, in particularly self-righteous and unctuous forms, respectively.

It is one of contemporary liberalism's most stubborn, characteristic, and dangerous ideas. It has seeped into the way we think about all international conflicts, and seems to influence every administration, regardless of party. It's an idea that depends on a combination of legalism, illusory rationalism, and sentimentality. This faulty idea of peace often provides an opening for terrorists and tyrants to exploit the naïve intentions of their civilized adversaries, working their will by force and eventually creating the conditions for a war on terms much less favorable to those who had no taste for it in the first place. When it comes to the Middle East, it is the idea to which Israeli civilians routinely—and now American civilians, massively—have been sacrificed.

FALSE COVENANTS

It was Kant who first came up with the notion of a "league of nations" that would provide for collective security and nudge war toward obsolescence. Ever since, earnest peacemakers have sought to achieve the perfect international covenant, one that would define war out of existence. Wilson was the most ambitious. As Donald Kagan points out in his masterpiece, *On the Origins of War and the Preservation of Peace*, Wilson shared the assumptions of the British appeasers between the two world wars. There was no need to keep a boot on the neck of Germany, because everything could be hammered out with international agreements or bodies, foremost among them the League of Nations.

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Peace-process enthusiasts can never admit that the balance of Palestinian opinion favors pushing Israel into the sea, or that it might cheer the murder of innocent Americans.

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This legalism makes it necessary to view nations and their leaders as rational and reasonable actors. International agreements aren't possible or effective unless all parties are amenable, first to persuasion, and then to the restraints of various parchment boundaries. It is difficult for people with this worldview to take account of the atavistic and savage impulses of peoples and their leaders. This is why most enthusiasts of the Middle East peace process can never admit that the balance of Palestinian opinion favors pushing Israel into the sea, or that it might cheer the murder of thousands of innocent Americans.

Despite its rationalist assumptions, peace-process liberalism usually also depends on a fair amount of hokum, of sentiment and delusion. After Israel and Jordan signed a peace agreement in 1994, Clinton said, "Peace is more than an agreement on paper; it is feeling, it is activity, it is devotion." Because it depends on leaders talking things out, a peace process creates the illusion that important disputes can be boiled down to matters of personality. The

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New York Times reported in July 2000, "The success of the summit meeting could well depend . . . on whether the president's personal chemistry can help overcome obstacles of history and the calculus of political survival embedded in these high-stake negotiations." All of this woolly thinking and hopefulness was captured in the phrase "the spirit of Oslo," implying that peace was just a pep rally away.

The phrase echoes "the spirit of Locarno," the era of good feeling that was supposed to accompany the 1925 agreements—between, primarily, Britain, France, and Germany—purporting to cement the post–World War I peace once and for all. British foreign minister Austen Chamberlain, half-brother of Neville, told the House of Commons that the agreements were "yet more valuable for the spirit that produced them." In cold strategic terms, as Donald Kagan points out, Locarno was a victory for Germany because it effectively detached Poland and Czechoslovakia (excluded from the agreements) from their natural ally France, and prevented France from responding militarily to any German provocation. But because it made everyone feel good, none of that was thought to matter.

Later, when Neville Chamberlain continued—against all reason—to pursue a policy of appeasement, he seemed driven by personal pride. And why not? He had been vouchsafed a shining vision of humanity's future, a future that he could guarantee with his sparkling mind and intentions. "British leaders easily were persuaded by the liberal and radical intellectuals of the day who rejected traditional ideas of power balances and military strength as devices for keeping the peace," Kagan writes. "They thought they had a new vision, different from and superior to all previous ones, and often these views were oddly combined with a self-righteous religiosity that believed that sin and evil could be overcome successfully by the example of unilateral virtue, trust, and good will."

Who else does that sound like? Bill Clinton deserves a Nobel Peace Prize, if for nothing else, for so thoroughly soaking up the attitudes of peace-process liberalism. There was seldom a treaty he didn't pant to sign. He was tone-deaf to the considerations of national interest and honor that might prompt nations to act in unexpected ways, and so was baffled, for instance, when India set off a nuclear bomb and its people danced in the streets out of sheer joy. And finally, there was the pride: in his own peaceful vision, in his warmheartedness and intelligence that would charm away the furies in the Middle East, Northern Ireland, and elsewhere. George W. Bush, with his humbler view of both government's capacities and his own, doesn't take so naturally to the idea of the peace process, although the foreign-policy establishment has tried to bully him into it.

THE MORALITY OF WAR

If pride characterizes many believers in peace-making, cowardice often does as well. If not an active cowardice, at least an unwillingness to face facts squarely, to act decisively to deter an adversary or force a war before he has become too powerful. Indeed, it is the unquestioned capability and political willingness to wage war that can achieve peace most assuredly. This means giving up the comfortable pretensions of the peace-talker and the equivocations of the careful diplomat, and making a choice. It requires moral courage.

And this leads us to probably the worst mistake of peace-process liberalism—the way it tends to ignore the morality of war-making (in the right circumstances, of course). Were there any other developments that did so much to advance the cause of human happiness and freedom in the 20th century as the Western victories in World War II and then the Cold War? War is a force for good, so long, of course, as the right side wins.

■

Bill Clinton deserves a Nobel Peace Prize for so thoroughly soaking up the attitudes of peace-process liberalism. There was seldom a treaty he didn't pant to sign.

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In his new book *Carnage and Culture*, Victor Davis Hanson connects the West's prowess at warfare over the last couple of millennia to the fact that it is the right side. Its values, its spirit of free inquiry, its respect for property rights, and its democratic self-governance create the conditions for technologically advanced, prodigiously equipped, high-morale armies. Indeed, it is the cultural superiority of Westernized, democratic Israel that would help ensure its victory over the poor, disorganized kleptocracy of the Palestinian Authority.

And if they don't succeed in advancing Western values, wars at the very least usually bring clarity. In long-running conflicts there is something to be said for one side's finally winning. Edward Luttwak made this point in a July 1999 *Foreign Affairs* article: "Imposed armistices . . . artificially freeze conflict and perpetuate a state of war indefinitely by shielding the weaker side from the consequences of refusing to make concessions for peace." Yasser Arafat today can direct a terrorist war against Israeli civilians precisely because the West intervened to save him from the consequences of his military defeat in Lebanon in 1982.

The World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks should serve to strip away the assumptions of peace-process liberalism, at least for now, at least until this persistent illusion has time to reassert itself. In the meantime, world opinion should give Israel broad latitude if it decides to wage full war on its tormentors. It won't be the war that is immoral, but the conduct that prompted it; it won't be its winners who are blameworthy, but its losers. As for the U.S. response to the September 11 attackers, it should be fierce and unrelenting, serving the cause that animates virtually all just wars: establishing the peace in a way that half-measures and wishful negotiations never can. **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ The Rev. Adrian Condit, Gary Condit's father, told his local newspaper that "Satan had a big-time role" in his son's troubles. Let's just call Satan an unindicted co-conspirator.

■ More bad economic news. Unemployment has spiked up and the stock market is in the tank. The economy grew by only 0.2 percent in the second quarter, and the numbers look worse if the private sector alone is considered. President Bush's tax cut may help the economy, but only very modestly. Alan Greenspan has shown no interest in coming to the rescue. Only Republican congressmen are advocating serious pro-growth measures: not only the free-trade initiatives Bush is already championing, but a reduction in taxes on capital gains and business investment. Since the federal government is running a surplus of around $160 billion, the usual concern about the "cost" of tax cuts should not apply. Bush must choose between fictitious lockboxes and America's economic strength.

■ Sen. Phil Gramm has decided not to run for reelection next year. Gramm has contributed to every conservative advance of the last quarter-century: the Reagan revolution, the exodus of conservative Democrats to the Republican party (and the eclipse of the GOP's liberal wing), the defeat of ClintonCare, and the Republican takeover of Congress. No conservative politician had a better understanding of the economics of politics—of the incentives that lead so many of his colleagues to support bad policies, and of the imperative to change those incentives. His presidential run in 1996, which NR endorsed, was a fiasco. Gramm apparently assumed that since he was the logical candidate of conservatives, he was therefore their inevitable candidate. Even if he had run a better campaign, a Gramm victory would have been a longshot. But Gramm leaves a better legacy than many presidents. The Senate has lost its smartest and most principled member, and the Congress its most effective strategist for liberty.

■ Guest of honor at the annual Calvin Coolidge dinner in both his own and the 30th president's home state of Vermont was Sen. James Jeffords. In his address, Jeffords deplored the decline of "moderate" Republicanism and opined that the House-Senate budget conference this spring "was totally controlled by the right wing of the Republican leadership." This should not necessarily be taken as an insult to the memory of Silent Cal, who considered himself, and was considered by others, a moderate Republican in his own time, out ahead of the American public on many issues—race, for example, and female suffrage. It does, though, offer a striking example of how much American attitudes have changed in one human lifetime. Jeffords has devoted his career to bringing federal subsidies to his state's milk farmers. Coolidge, faced with a delegation of farmers clamoring for federal relief because they could no longer support themselves, advised them: "Better get religion." Coolidge wished the wealth of America to be kept so far as possible in private hands, that might use it to lift up their fellow countrymen. Jeffords wants much of it to be sucked into Washington, D.C., to be distributed by bureaucrats to favored groups. This has been the pilgrimage of moderate Republicanism these past 75 years: from the original American ideals of independence, minimal government, self-sufficiency, and charity, towards socialism, federal largesse, and the carving up of our people into docile, corralled groups of state-dependent clienthood. Calvin Coolidge ("The normal must take care of themselves") would not have been pleased.

■ The recent spate of shark attacks off America's shores cannot be discussed in isolation from the larger, escalating war between, on the one side, animals and those who support their "rights," and on the other, those human beings who would prefer that sharper-toothed and -clawed animals be kept firmly in their place. It isn't just sharks: More cougar attacks have been reported in the western U.S. and Canada over the past 20 years than in the previous 80. In Washington State, of the one fatality and five non-fatal attacks reported since 1924, four attacks have occurred during the 1990s. Similarly with attacks by bears and wolves, though the latter prefer beef and lamb to human flesh. This is not an easy call. Almost everyone would be sorry to see North America altogether purged of its large native carnivores. But if faced with a choice, we would prefer protecting the human animals.

■ The Justice Department has given up on trying to break up Microsoft or proving that the company illegally packaged Windows and Internet Explorer together. These are concessions not so much to Microsoft as to reality: The U.S. Court of Appeals had already made it clear that neither attempt would succeed. Justice Department lawyers will continue to press for restrictions on Microsoft's business practices—perhaps in order to save face for themselves. If President Bush is interested in reining in the government's antitrust activists, now would be a good time.

■ In a new book excerpted in *Newsweek*, David A. Kaplan reports on the aftermath of *Bush v. Gore* within the Supreme Court. Stephen Breyer is outraged. David Souter is regretful: He thinks that he might have persuaded Anthony Kennedy to switch his vote if he had had "one more day." When

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For the Record, Help!, and The Long View will return next issue.

Kennedy voted the way he did, Kaplan concludes, "one justice . . . picked the president." That's not true. The voters of Florida picked Bush, according to the authoritative count of them; the Court's decision merely bore on which count was authoritative, and even that indirectly. It's not even true that Bush would not have been president but for the Court's intervention. Kaplan himself notes that if the Florida legislature or the Congress had settled the matter, "Bush probably would've won in the end anyway." So what can we learn from Kaplan's reporting? That Justice Kennedy is a waffler, constant only in his moral vanity. That Justice Souter is a man who can complain that the Court made a "political decision" in the same conversation in which he details his efforts to cobble together a coalition of his colleagues. And that the liberal justices are angry about *Bush* v. *Gore*. Nothing, in other words, that you didn't already know.

■ Janet Reno is running for Florida governor, and she's confident that the people there will back her on the matter of Elián. Since leaving office, she has said, over and over, "I thought the little boy belonged with his father." Well, at least that's clear, finally: No more talk about the rule of law. No more talk about what the law required. No more talk about "a nation of laws, not men," and so on. No, it was just that Janet Reno—and the president she served, presumably—thought "the little boy belonged with his father." One of the worst aspects of the Elián case was that the Clinton administration was able to reduce the situation to a single question: Did the boy "belong with his father" or not? In this way, Washington and Havana were in perfect, disgusting harmony. All other considerations—e.g., How free was the father to express his wishes?—were discarded. Statewide politicians don't necessarily suffer when opposing the Cuban Americans. Even Gov. Jeb Bush was weak when Elián's fate, and other things, were at stake. Reno is almost certainly right that a majority of Floridians stand with her. And that's a shame.

■ Something curious has happened in Russia: The first volume of Solzhenitsyn's new work—*Two Hundred Years Together*, a history of Russians and Jews—is number one on the bestseller list. It has also, just incidentally, won first prize in the humanities at the Moscow International Book Fair. And this book is no page-turner, in the manner of, for example, the novel *First Circle*. It's a rather dry, textbook-like chronicle of historical events both large and small. And still this is the number-one book in Russia. Not bad for an old guy who, according to *all* the smart people, is forgotten, unread, and irrelevant.

■ Christianity was established among the English fourteen hundred years ago, when Augustine converted King Aethelbert of Kent. It seems to be the opinion of the United Kingdom's leading clerics that the story of their faith in those islands has now reached its final chapter. Cormac Cardinal Murphy-O'Connor, leader of Britain's 4 million Catholics, has declared Christianity "almost vanquished" in his country: "It does seem . . . that Christianity, as a sort of backdrop to people's lives and moral decisions—and to the government, the social life of the country—has now almost been vanquished." British people were seeking transient happiness in alcohol, drugs, pornography, and recreational sex, added the cardinal. This comes a few months after his Anglican colleague, the Archbishop of Canterbury, declared, "A tacit atheism prevails. Death is assumed to be the end of life. Our concentration on the here-and-now renders thoughts of eternity irrelevant." Prior to the Reformation, England was known as one of the most devout nations in Christendom, "a land of churches." The blessings of modern understanding have now, if Cardinal Murphy-O'Connor is to be believed, changed her into a nation of bars, video stores, and massage parlors.

■ The Rolando Paulino All-Stars of New York City's Bronx made it to the semi-finals of the Little League World Series in August, and were then ruled retroactively ineligible because their star pitcher, Danny Almonte, turned out to be two years over the age limit for Little League play. An American tragedy? Well . . . little—though not little enough—Danny is actually a citizen of the Dominican Republic, and may in fact be an illegal immigrant, his visitor's visa, by some reports, having expired sometime in 2000. Several of his team members seem not to be too comfortable with our national language: At the various ceremonies held in their honor, interpreters were in evidence. Mr. Rolando Paulino himself, the team's patron, spoke to the *Washington Post* through an interpreter. Ah, the *muchachos* of summer.

■ Employees of FedEx have sued to protect their right to wear dreadlocks, claiming the hairstyle is an expression of their Rastafarian faith. Rastafarianism, brought to the world's notice by reggae singers, developed in Jamaica in the 1930s; its communicants smoke marijuana sacramentally and believe that blacks are the true Israelites and that Haile Selassie was God. It is, in many ways, a typically American religion—a walk on the wild side, based on what literary critics call a "strong" reading of the Bible. Can FedEx require its employees to wear their hair in "a reasonable style"? No one is required to work for it. If employees believe their company to be demanding the standards of Babylon, they should flee the City of Destruction. Or they should make the case, politely and patiently, that clean and seemly Rastafarians who do their jobs be granted waivers, especially in cosmopolitan markets (FedEx has already agreed to let Rastas wear caps over their locks). If they are serious and if FedEx wants their goodwill, they will prevail. There is no need to force the issue in the hothouse of the courts.

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■ The movement to cure boys of being boys has suffered a recent setback in the form of a study released in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Researchers found that Ritalin, the drug used to treat attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder (ADHD), is more potent than cocaine. It blocks 70 percent of the brain's neural transporters, as opposed to the 50 percent blocked by cocaine. It is a powerful drug that can have powerful side effects, including lethargy, depression, and even suicidal tendencies. Four million American children currently take it. Whether the revelation that long-term use of Ritalin and other similar drugs may cause permanent brain damage will move parents, teachers, and their enablers to question its overuse—and especially its use as a substitute for good parenting and discipline—remains to be seen.

■ Among those dwindling zones of the nation's life not yet much penetrated by political correctness is the field of heavyweight boxing. Across a table at an ESPN studio at Disneyland, current world champion Hasim Rahman (6 ft., 2 in., 240 lbs.) confronted his challenger, former champion Lennox Lewis (6 ft., 5 in., 252 lbs). Lewis declared himself miffed by an earlier suggestion from Rahman that he might be homosexual. "Why did you say I was gay?" Lewis demanded. "I'm not gay." "I said you were *acting* gay," Rahman replied. A rather obviously staged struggle ensued. It ended with both men falling on the table, which, obviously unequal to the sudden load placed on it, collapsed. We await a ruling from GLAAD on the relative iniquity of accusing someone of being a homosexual versus accusing him of merely acting like one, and word of their plans to confront Mr. Rahman to demand an explanation of his slur.

■ Free Willy, welfare queen? After years of attempts to restore Keiko—the four-and-a-half-ton hero of *Free Willys* I–III—to the wild, his handlers may be throwing in the towel. Willy, it appears, doesn't *want* to be free. The saga began in 1993, when word got out that the lovably neotenous star was languishing in a Mexico City amusement park. Enraptured fans made over 400,000 calls, and Warner Bros. stumped up $4 million to send Keiko home—just like in the movies. The orca had lived most of its life in captivity, but PR prevailed, and after a stop at an Oregon halfway house, Keiko was airlifted to Iceland. There, in each of the over 60 attempts to repatriate him this year alone, Keiko has swum back to his pen, apparently addicted to mankind. His keepers even tried a course of "deprogramming" by refusing eye contact with their charge, but no luck. "Keiko," said Jean-Michel Cousteau, son of the explorer, "captured the hearts and minds of millions of children around the world when they learned that *Free Willy*'s happy Hollywood ending was fiction." Wait till they learn how much else they're fed by environmentalists is only a fairy tale.

■ Among the victims of the Sept. 11 attacks on America was a friend of NR: Barbara Olson, a lawyer and author who was on the plane that was crashed into the Pentagon. Nobody on the airwaves was a more intelligent or knowledgeable critic of the Clintons. She learned about them earlier than most, when she served as an indefatigable investigator for the House Committee on Government Reform. Later, she wrote a best-selling book on Mrs. Clinton called *Hell to Pay*. But where other students of Clintonite wrongdoing fell into weariness or apoplexy, Olson managed to keep a lively sense of humor. In her last moments, she reportedly used her cell phone to call her husband, solicitor general Ted Olson, seeking to foil the hijackers' plot—an action entirely in keeping with her character. We offer condolences to her family, and mourn the loss of a contributor, adviser, and friend. R.I.P.

Uncertain Democrats

The shrinking surplus leaves them
As diffident as mice
Who smell the gorgonzola but
Look at the mousetrap twice;
The mousetrap is the lockbox,
So sanctified by Dems,
They fear a raid would trigger rude
Ah-HA's and snide ahems.

—W. H. von Dreele

MEXICO

Holy Toledo!

President Vicente Fox of Mexico came to the United States like a campaigning politician, as indeed he was. Mindful that many Mexican immigrants, legal and illegal, are not yet rooted in this country, and are still potential voters in his, he offered a glowing picture of their homeland. "I want to tell you," he said to a crowd in Toledo, Ohio, "not only that we love you and respect you, but that we need you back in Mexico . . . to promote the growth of our great nation."

But President Fox knows he cannot deal with all of them coming home just yet. In fact, he would like more of them to leave, especially in a period of economic contraction: Their remittances do more for the Mexican economy than Pemex, and the social burden of the poor among them is much better left with the gringos. So he also said at the White House that "[t]he time has come to give migrants and their communities their proper place in the history of our bilateral relations. We must, and we can, reach an agreement on immigration before the end of this very year."

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The end of this very year is only four months away. President Bush is laboring mightily to assure alarmed congressmen that he does not intend to amnesty 3 million Mexican illegals, even as the vectors of his policy point towards amnestying many of them. Fox's announcement therefore cannot have been welcome.

But he may have hurt himself by some last-minute campaigning. On his way home, he declared that the Inter-American Reciprocal Assistance Treaty, an anti-Communist pact that has been in place since 1947, should be transformed into an alliance against poverty and crime, and that otherwise he might withdraw from it in 60 days. This is bound to hurt him with the Washington elites who have the fewest qualms about immigration. They worship at the altar of the status quo—so long as they remain the high priests of it. To spring a change on them might play well at home, but not with them.

Political ploys come and go. What comes are Mexican immigrants who sustain many businesses in every part of the country. Toledo is not exactly a border town, but it is the home of a growing Mexican community, which is why Fox went there. President Bush's policy, of breaking down international borders, so long as he can avoid seeming to do so, will keep those Toledos coming.

THE U.N. CONFERENCE

The Elders of Durban

THE United Nations World Conference Against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia, and Related Intolerance—to give it the full Ciceronian drumroll—was a strangely peg-legged affair. The delegates strode into Durban, South Africa, intending to address the world-historical consequences of the African slave trade, but the whalebone thumper, clanking like mad old Ahab on the quarterdeck, was the attack on Israel as a "racist, apartheid state."

Yet the two seemingly ill-matched limbs actually go well together. The Atlantic and Indian Ocean slave trades were great evils. But they ended more than a century ago, thanks largely to the British fleet. The United States fought the Civil War, Brazil emancipated peacefully, and Zanzibar was made into a protectorate, ending slavery itself in its last civilized redoubts. The only places it flourishes now are in African holes such as Mauritania and Sudan, or in the kitchens and boudoirs of Arabia, staffed by wretched Filipinas. To pursue claims of damages at this date would be as wrongheaded as it is futile. The only purpose of ginning up a ruckus over slavery at Durban is to shake down money from guilty white donors—Euros who might give to Africa; Americans who might give to their black fellow citizens. In this connection, it is devoutly to be wished that Jesse Jackson return home from Durban, urging the Democratic party to take up reparations as an issue. That would nicely hoist every Democratic candidate on the Mau Mau's petard.

If black pols and African despots troll for handouts, why should not Palestinians wheedle for advantage? The more Israel is depicted as a pariah state, the better can its enemies wrap warfare and revolution in the cloak of legitimacy. Following the main body of the ideological army like skirmishers was the conference of NGOs—non-governmental organizations—where the grossest Nazi and 19th-century canards were trotted out, including *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. The U.N.-ese boilerplate of Zionist racism and the aged fantasies about spider-like Jews serve the same function: stripping Israel of humanity, in hopes of priming it for the kill.

Durban's Jew baiting was certainly reason enough to walk out, and the certainty that it would occur was reason enough not to go. It is a shame that the racial lies and agendas, mild only by comparison, would not have struck anyone at the State Department as out of bounds.

CULTURE WATCH

The Rev. Thug

THE 22-year-old pop singer and actress Aaliyah died in the Bahamas when her plane crashed, after her entourage overloaded it with equipment. Her fans were stricken, and her funeral on Manhattan's Upper East Side featured a horse-drawn hearse, a silver-plated coffin, and the release of 22 white doves.

This struck Rod Dreher, a columnist for the *New York Post*, as a little much. "The family of Aaliyah," he wrote, "does the poor woman's memory no favors with this tasteless gesture."

This struck the Rev. Al Sharpton as much too much. Sharpton held a rally and a press conference at his Harlem headquarters, and hung Dreher out to dry. "What you really mean is, you should have a nice little Negro funeral." (Dreher had actually compared the singer's exequies with those of Princess Diana—"a ghoulish saturnalia of sentimentality . . . the epitome of modern celebrity worship.") "To say that she was less than someone else is abysmal, insulting, and racist." (This is Jefferson run amok—everybody is equal in every way.) But this was Sharpton's kicker: "We will bring down anybody who tells us how to mourn our own."

As if on cue—no, exactly on cue—the *Post*'s phone lines lit up with threats to Dreher. Here is one beauty: "Look, white bitch, you're not answering your phone, but you can't hide forever. One of us is going to be waiting for you outside your building . . . We're gonna step out and choke your motherf***ing neck."

New Yorkers know better than to take these threats lightly. In 1995 Al Sharpton's National Action Network fastened on a landlord–tenant dispute in Harlem. A Jewish-owned store, Freddy's Fashion Mart, itself the tenant of a black church, was accused of jacking up the rent on a black subtenant. Sharpton set up pickets, manned by a lieutenant, which heckled black customers as "traitors" and Freddy's as

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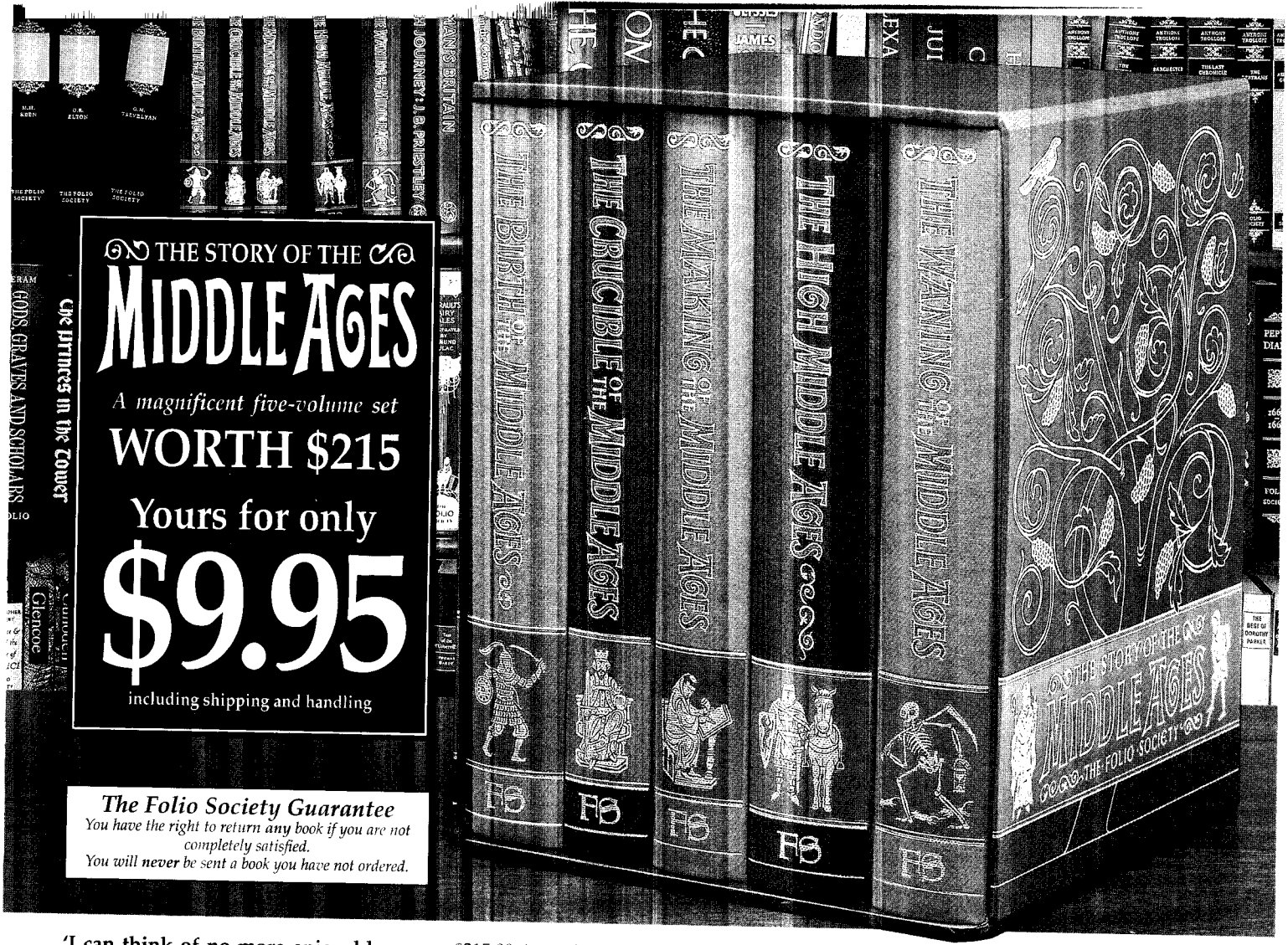
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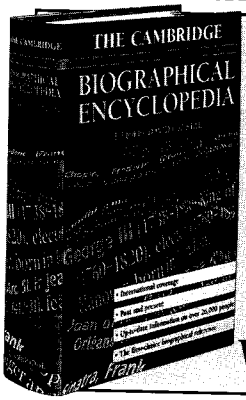

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"Jew bastards" and "bloodsucking Jews." Sharpton sometimes addressed his minions himself. One fine day, one of the mob, a nut with a criminal record, shot four people and burned the store down, killing seven (including a black security guard). When Sharpton incites, people die.

New Yorkers know Sharpton's record, but they will not speak of it. This dangerous clown has become a kingmaker in the New York City mayor's race, and he has announced plans to run for president in 2004. Sharpton is presumed to speak for black people—which is truly abysmal, insulting, and racist.

The *New York Post*, Dreher's newspaper, is one of the few outlets that have kept a spotlight on Sharpton throughout his dismal career. But now that one of its own has been threatened, the *Post* seems to have taken a powder. In response to the threats, the paper's new editor, Col Allan, made one minimalist grunt: "I stand by Rod Dreher. He had a right to express an opinion." The silence from the rest of the New York media has been deafening. Since a Democrat is almost certain to win in November, Sharpton will be given the keys to City Hall. The press does not want to offend the city's new lords spiritual, not even in the cause of defending the reputation—and perhaps the safety—of one of its own.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: I have been an avid reader of Notes & Asides for years. As one married to a foreigner (Japanese), I have seen up close the difficulties so many people have with the English language (to be honest, I have just as many with Japanese). The following are biting examples of some of the idiosyncrasies in English:

1) The bandage was wound around the wound. 2) The farm was used to produce produce. 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse. 4) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert. 5) Since there is no time like the present, he decided to present the present. 6) When shot at, the dove dove. 7) The insurance was invalid for the invalid. 8) The buck does funny things when does are present. 9) A seamstress and a sewer fell into the sewer. 10) The farmer taught his sow to sow. 11) The wind was too strong to wind the sail. 12) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

I would enjoy seeing some more examples.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore D. Shaw
Virginia Beach, Va.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Years ago I came across Mortimer Adler's *How to Think About God*. He closed reminding the reader that the god whose existence he proved was not the God of the Bible. He said that *that* God could be believed in only by a "leap of faith."

In a subsequent essay entitled "A Philosopher's Religious Faith," Adler describes a hospital stay in 1984:

> During this long stay in the hospital I suffered a mild depression, and often when Caroline visited me I would, unaccountably, burst into tears. Father Howell, the rector of St. Chrysostom's Church, also visited me, and once when he prayed for my recovery, I choked up and wept. The only prayer that I knew word for word was the Pater Noster. On that day and in the days after it, I found myself repeating the Lord's Prayer, again and again, and meaning every word of it. Quite suddenly, when I was awake one night, a light dawned on me, and I realized what had happened without my recognizing it clearly when first it happened. . . . I found myself believing in God and praying to Him.

As we remember Adler's life and works, it is certainly worth noting that even this great intellect, who could not find the God of Abraham and Christ through reason, did find him in personal crisis with troubled heart.

Cordially,
Scott D. Hillstrom
Eagan, Minn.

■ Dear Bill: A remembrance of Mortimer Adler . . .

Homage to Adler

Mort i(s) mer(ely),
Clearly,
Just the shedding of a gown
Of skin you wore down
To the nines. (To be precise,
98 of them), in the service of some very nice
Distinctions that makes Plato proud,
If that's the word, on his Cloud
Infinity,
One of those 100 key
Syntopical Great
Ideas that you labored to elucidate,
Much,
At Hutchins' Hutch:
That Protestant U.,
Where Jew-
Ish professors teach Cath
Olic philosophy to ath
Eists.
Have a good immortality, Sir
Mortimer,
And, say hello for me to Jacques
And the Dumb Ox.
Ineffably,
Johannes Eff, Ph.D.

John Kiley
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: What is a *trilby?*
Albert B. Poe
Marion, Mass.

Dear Mr. Poe: *American Heritage*, sitting there, arms outstretched: "a soft felt hat with a deeply creased crown."
Cordially,

—WFB

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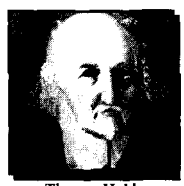
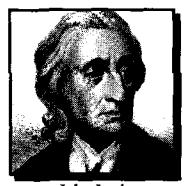
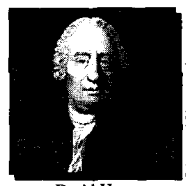

Thomas Hobbes


John Locke


David Hume

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Many of the basic concepts shaping our world are "young" ideas, no more than a few centuries old. Modern science, technology, democratic government, natural rights, and even a general tendency to be open to innovation are a few examples. We take them as givens, even while we continue to debate their meaning and implications.

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ALAN CHARLES KORS (Ph.D., Harvard University) is Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania, where he has taught since 1968.

He is the author and editor of several books on European intellectual history, including *D'Holbach's Coterie: An Enlightenment in Paris, Atheism in France, 1660-1729; The Orthodox Sources of Disbelief;* and *Anticipations of the Enlightenment in England, France, and Germany.*

He has won two awards for distinguished college teaching and the Engalitcheff Award for defense of academic freedom. With Harvey A. Silverglate, he is co-author of *The Shadow University: The Betrayal of Liberty on America's Campuses, published in October (1998).*

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■ THE WHITE HOUSE ■

Leakproof?

At the Bush White House, mum's the word

BYRON YORK

On August 26, the *Washington Post* ran a front-page story headlined "Bush Plan Could Cut Federal Workers; President Proposes Buyouts, Merit Pay, More Competition." In his weekly radio address the day before, George W. Bush unveiled what might be called his own version of reinventing government, a far-reaching proposal to reduce the number of federal employees and streamline dozens of programs, from food stamps to student loans to federal housing to Medicare. Details of the plan were contained in a 71-page report that the White House released at the time of Bush's speech.

That the story ended up on Page One was no surprise; the *Post* counts a huge number of government employees among its readers. But there was one surprising—almost amazing—thing about Bush's new management agenda: It didn't leak ahead of time. The report had been finished and printed well in advance of the presidential rollout—in fact had sat around in boxes for weeks—but word never got out. The president's team kept it a secret.

That's a huge change from recent administrations, when leaking sometimes reached epic proportions. "I've had it up to my keister with these leaks," an angry Ronald Reagan said in 1983 after his White House had become a virtual sieve of information about the budget, about squabbles inside the cabinet, about foreign-policy initiatives—about almost everything. Last year, Reagan biographer Edmund Morris told the *New York Times* that he once sat in on a meeting in which White House chief of staff Donald Regan had a fit over leaks. Morris was astonished to see Regan's words reproduced verbatim in the next day's *Times*. "Someone had to have had a pocket tape recorder to get it so exactly," Morris told the paper.

George W. Bush by Roman Genn

Things were little better in the first Bush administration, as Richard Darman and James Baker burnished their reputations as masters of the leak. And there were times when the Clinton White House was so consumed with scandal management that it could not keep anything else a secret. But now there seems to be little if any unauthorized information coming out of the White House. What's going on?

Perhaps the most important reason is one of the least noticed: George W. Bush is the first president ever to have seen the workings of the White House from a staff-level perspective. While he had no official post in his father's administration, he often served as a de facto deputy chief of staff. As such, he saw the leaks that continually bugged the White House. And he learned how to read the newspapers—not for the news, but to divine the identities and agendas behind quotes attributed to "presidential advisers" or "senior officials." Now members of Bush's own White House staff know he has a knack for decoding leaks.

Another reason is what several officials describe as Bush's ability to project a sense of loyalty to his staff. Almost all presidents benefit from the strong allegiance that comes upward from the staff—God knows Bill Clinton's people took bullet after bullet for him—but fewer can give their staff a sense that the loyalty is returned from the top. Reagan, often aloof, couldn't do it. The first George Bush wasn't that good at it, either. And Clinton was legendary for hanging his aides out to dry. But W. seems to have the ability—critical in controlling leaks—of keeping most of the staff happy. "At some point, every senior and mid-level staffer is faced with the opportunity to make himself look better by doing something that is damaging to the president," says one aide. "And the question they ask themselves is, Do I take advantage of this opportunity? One of the big restraints is, I don't want to hurt the president, and one of the reasons you don't want to hurt him is that he's been nice to you."

On top of that, there's also the remarkable cohesiveness—so far—of Bush's senior staff. Top political adviser Karl Rove and communications director Karen Hughes have been working with each other and with Bush for years now and have done an effective job at marking off their own territory. Andrew Card, the chief of staff, goes even farther back; he first worked for a Bush candidacy when the elder George Bush ran for president in 1980. The inner circle's tight control of information has impressed some veterans of White House leak wars. "The Bush loyalists have done an amazing job," says Donald Regan, watching from retirement. "They don't need personal flattery, and they don't need to have their egos stroked, and therefore they don't have to leak to show how important they are."

That said, there have been a few breakdowns. The most notable was a *Time* magazine story in July that concerned an internal White House debate over the patients' bill of rights. "Karen Hughes didn't like what she was hearing," the story began. The story described Hughes in a staff meeting, as she listened "with pursed lips" to White House legislative chief Nicholas Calio urging Bush to veto the bill then under consideration

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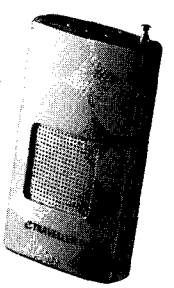

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in Congress. "To Hughes . . . promising to veto a popular bill was sure to be a PR disaster," *Time* continued. "Bush had to be for the people, not the HMOs. 'This will hurt us,' she warned."

It had all the signs of a classic hit-leak: a one-sided perspective, with a hero looking very smart, trying to warn the other side against stumbling into disaster. (As it turned out, Bush's veto threat played a critical role in helping him reach a deal with Congress.) Card was said to be mightily miffed, delivering stern lectures, but not embarking on the kind of Ahab-and-the-whale search for leakers that has characterized earlier administrations. Even though there have been a few other leaks—White House officials weren't happy when news got out about the planned "Communities of Character" initiative—there has been nothing of magnitude before or since the patients'-bill episode.

Instead, there has been day after day of "message discipline"—and a few deliberate leaks designed to make the president look good. While Bush hasn't engaged in that practice as much as Clinton did—after all, he has fewer friends in the press—he has pulled off one masterful strategic leaking initiative. In the weeks leading up to the decision on stem-cell research, the White House put out story after story about how much the president was agonizing over the decision, about how he brought up the issue with virtually everyone who came into the Oval Office, about members of his staff with particularly deep feelings on the issue. Coupled with Bush's carefully crafted, split-the-difference decision, the leaks were a great success. They portrayed the president as serious, studious, and fair-minded.

Now come the fall battles over spending and the surplus. It's easy to imagine a scenario in which Bush, trying to hold the line on spending, is hurt by leaked reports that his staff is bitterly divided over strategy and substance. While that might happen—the smooth-running White House message machine can't run smoothly forever—don't look for a major breakdown. "I don't think they'll ever reach the point of the 'keister' comment," says David Gergen, the aide who announced Reagan's (unsuccessful) anti-leaking crusade back in 1983. "They run a button-up place." **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY** ■

Tax Cut and Spend

The profligate ways of congressional Republicans

STEPHEN MOORE

In recent weeks President Bush has been crowing that he has trapped spendthrift Capitol Hill Democrats inside the Social Security lock box. The White House theory is that because the Democrats have now pledged never to take another dime from the Social Security surplus fund, they are dangling from the horns of a no-win budgetary dilemma: They must give up either the lock-box gambit (and thus expose themselves as fiscal hypocrites) or their multibillion-dollar wish list of social spending (and thus infuriate their liberal base).

There's one problem with this theory: spendthrift Capitol Hill *Republicans*, who have their own pricey shopping list when it comes to this year's budget. Bush has pledged to veto spending bills that would tap into Social Security—but repelling the congressional budget raiders will be a herculean task when so many of them are members of his own party.

Here's just one depressing example of the bipartisan nature of today's spending binge. So far this year, legislators have requested an all-time-record number of pork-barrel special-interest projects—bicycle paths, county courthouses, railroad museums, shark-research funds, money for onion growers, and the like. At least half of these slabs of taxpayer-funded bacon would be delivered to Republican districts. The Office of Management and Budget calculates that if every one of these requests were approved, the price tag would reach $280 billion. That's a

Mr. Moore is president of the Club for Growth.

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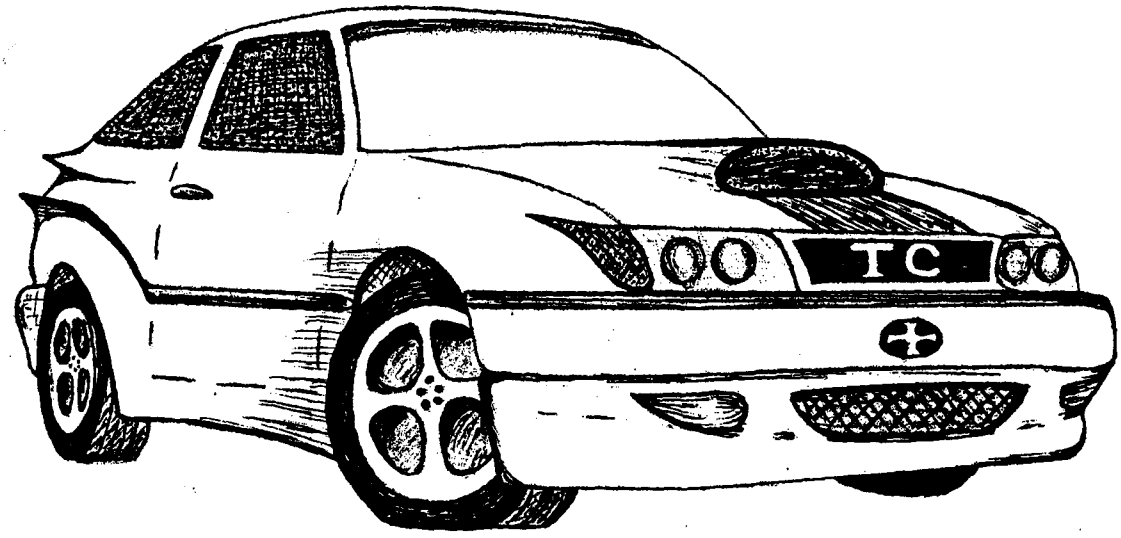
TURBO Catholicism



Why is so much of Catholicism gutless, anemic, and wimpy these days? Is it because there are so many touchie-feelie types in the priesthood? You know, "Let's all hold hands now and sing 'All Shall Be Well,' and then let's give one another a big hug." It's like being back at summer camp. No wonder the sacred liturgy often resembles a hootenanny!

And we get camp-fire sermonettes with all the substance and nutrition of a marshmallow. Where's the beef? We don't hear much, if anything, about the Church's teachings on abortion, contraception, euthanasia, homosexuality, pre-marital sex, pornography, consumerism, the indissolubility of marriage, Purgatory, or Hell. Pope John Paul II valiantly called for a New Evangelization, and we sit around hearing about how we need to get in touch with our inner child and feel good about ourselves.

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figure equal to the entire defense budget.

Over the past three years—a period of Republican control of both House and Senate—the rate of growth of federal domestic spending has accelerated from 6 percent to 8.5 percent, during a time of nearly zero inflation. Congressman Pat Toomey, a Pennsylvania Republican who is the fiscal-conservative watchdog on the House Budget Committee, complains that federal appropriations may rise by as much as 10 percent by the end of the year—a far cry from the 4 percent spending increases that Bush sought when he released his budget plan back in January.

What ever happened to the hard-charging fiscal conservatives in Congress who once wanted to shut down agencies and even entire cabinet departments? It was only six years ago, in the winter of 1995, that Republicans were promising a fiscal revolution—a rollback of layer upon layer of failed multibillion-dollar welfare-state programs. For a brief but glorious moment, that is precisely what happened: In 1996, for the first time in more than a decade, many federal agencies saw a decline in their annual budgets. Big government was in full-scale retreat, or so it seemed. But the ethic of fiscal housecleaning proved to be short-lived.

The original "Contract with America" budget in 1995 slated more than 300 programs for termination. Some of these programs—such as the Legal Services Corporation and bilingual-education funding—were little more than political slush funds for special-interest constituencies. Others—such as TVA and the Rural Electrification Administration—were already antique when Barry Goldwater campaigned against them in 1964. And most of the rest were hopelessly ineffectual: the Economic Development Administration, the World Bank, federal transit grants, the Appalachian Regional Commission, and so on.

Not only does nearly every one of these programs still exist; they are actually flourishing. For example, the Goals 2000 education program—federal "free money" that some states have actually rejected because of the meddlesome strings attached—has nearly tripled in size, from $231 million to $688 million. The bilingual-education budget has risen by almost 40 percent, even as voters all around the nation are overwhelmingly rejecting bilingual education because it hinders the ability of immigrants' children to learn English.

Most farm programs were supposed to be phased out entirely with the passage of the Freedom to Farm Act back in 1996, but it turns out that over the past five years payments to agribusinesses have actually soared. Freedom to Farm was supposed to spend $47 billion over seven years, with payments dropping every year; the actual spending was roughly $86 billion, with payments rising every year. This year Congress is rewriting the farm bill—the subsidies, of course, still exist—and a staffer on the Senate Agriculture Committee recently described the bill as "the most costly and least free-market-oriented agriculture bill in at least a generation." Freedom to Farm has been converted into the Freedom to Farm Washington.

What ever happened to the hard-charging fiscal conservatives in Congress who once wanted to shut down agencies and even entire cabinet departments?

Amtrak narrowly escaped the ax back in 1996, when Congress told the railroad's management it had to break even by 2002 or else be liquidated. This year, Amtrak—which President Reagan once aptly described as a "mobile federal money-burning machine"—will record its biggest losses ever; but House Appropriations Committee chairman Don Young, a Republican, has just voiced his support for a $71 billion taxpayer bailout over the next ten years. That's almost as much as it cost to put a man on the moon.

Of the tiny handful of programs that *were* terminated, some have since risen from the grave. The wool and mohair subsidy was created in the early 1950s during the Korean War, when these payments to goat- and sheepherders were said to be vital for national security, because the military needed wool uniforms. The Pentagon hasn't used wool uniforms for about 30 years now, so the rationale for the subsidies long ago disappeared. In 1996, the Republicans killed the program; in 1999, it was suddenly resurrected under a different name. The National Sheep Industry Improvement Center was created to provide "temporary" help for sheepherders facing the problems of overproduction and low prices.

Corporate welfare is also as strong as ever. The mercantilist policies of the Commerce and Agriculture Departments are the antithesis of the free-market policies Republicans say they espouse, but the congressional GOP has never made an honest effort to push companies like AT&T and GE off the dole. The welfare-reform package included a two-year time limit for receiving aid, because it was well known that continued assistance simply creates a culture of dependence. Why should firms like Boeing receive Export-Import Bank aid for more than a decade?

Perhaps the most embarrassing fiscal retreat of all involves the Education Department. Republicans had argued in the Reagan years—and again after the GOP takeover of Congress in 1995—that this department should be shut down because it has had no impact on school performance; in fact, there is a negative correlation between federal education funding and academic achievement. But once they lost the fight with Bill Clinton over closing down this dubious legacy of the Carter era (the teachers unions used to brag, "We're the only special-interest group in Washington with our own cabinet agency"), the Republicans adopted precisely the opposite strategy: Now they're determined never again to allow the Democrats to outspend them on this agency. Between 1996 and 1999, the department's budget shot up 38 percent, to $33 billion. In 2000, its funding grew by another $6 billion; and this year's Bush education reforms call for a doubling of the federal education budget over five years. White House officials admit—anonymously and off-the-

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Black Listed Cancer Treatment Could Save Your Life

Baltimore, MD— As unbelievable as it seems the key to stopping many cancers has been around for over 30 years. Yet it has been banned. Blocked. And kept out of your medicine cabinet by the very agency designed to protect your health—the FDA.

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You read that right. He was not only shut down—but also forced out of the country where others benefited from his discovery. That was 32 years ago. How many other treatments have they been allowed to hide? Just as in the case of Dr. Burton's miracle serum these too go unmentioned.

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Decades ago, European research scientist Dr. Johanna Budwig, a six-time Nobel Award nominee, discovered a totally natural formula that not only protects against the development of cancer, but people all over the world who have been diagnosed with incurable cancer and sent home to die have actually benefited from her research—and now lead normal lives.

After 30 years of study, Dr. Budwig discovered that the blood of seriously ill cancer patients was deficient in certain substances and nutrients. Yet, healthy blood always contained these ingredients. It was the lack of these nutrients that allowed cancer cells to grow wild and out of control.

By simply eating a combination of two natural and delicious foods (found on page 134) not only can cancer be prevented—but in case after case it was actually healed! "Symptoms of cancer, liver dysfunction, and diabetes were completely alleviated." Remarkably, what Dr. Budwig discovered was a totally natural way for eradicating cancer.

However, when she went to publish these results so that everyone could benefit—**she was blocked by manufacturers with heavy financial stakes!** For over 10 years now her methods have proved effective—yet she is denied publication—blocked by the giants who don't want you to read her words.

What's more, the world is full of expert minds like Dr. Budwig who have pursued cancer remedies and come up with remarkable natural formulas and diets that work for hundreds and thousands of patients. *How to Fight Cancer and Win* author William Fischer has studied these methods and revealed their secrets for you—so that you or someone you love may be spared the horrors of conventional cancer treatments.

As early as 1947, Virginia Livingston, M.D., isolated a cancer-causing microbe. She noted that every cancer sample analyzed (whether human or other animal) contained it.

This microbe—a bacteria that is actually in each of us from birth to death—multiplies and promotes cancer when the immune system is weakened by disease, stress, or poor nutrition. Worst of all, the microbes secrete a special hormone protector that short-circuits our body's immune system—allowing the microbes to grow undetected for years. No wonder so many patients are riddled with cancer by the time it is detected. But there is hope even for them...

Turn to page 82 of *How to Fight Cancer and Win* for the delicious diet that can help stop the formation of cancer cells and shrink tumors.

Six-time Nobel Nominee's Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough Revealed

They walked away from traditional cancer treatments...and were healed! Throughout the pages of *How to Fight Cancer and Win* you'll meet real people who were diagnosed with cancer—suffered through harsh conventional treatments—turned their backs on so called modern medicine—only to be miraculously healed by natural means! Here is just a sampling of what others have to say about the book.

"We purchased *How to Fight Cancer and Win*, and immediately my husband started following the recommended diet for his just diagnosed colon cancer. He refused the surgery that our doctors advised. Since following the regime recommended in the book he has had no problems at all, cancer-wise. If not cured, we believe the cancer has to be in remission."

—Thelma B.

"I bought *How to Fight Cancer and Win* and this has to be the greatest book I've ever read. I have had astounding results from the easy to understand knowledge found in this book. My whole life has improved drastically and I have done so much for many others. The information goes far beyond the health thinking of today."

—Hugh M.

"I can't find adequate words to describe my appreciation of your work in providing *How to Fight Cancer and Win*. You had to do an enormous amount of research to bring this vast and most important knowledge to your readers.

My doctor found two tumors on my prostate with a high P.S.A. He scheduled a time to surgically remove the prostate, but I canceled the appointment. Instead I went on the diet discussed in the book combined with another supplement. Over the months my P.S.A. has lowered until the last reading was one point two."

—Duncan M.

"In my 55 years as a Country Family Physician, I have never read a more 'down to earth,' practical resume of cancer prevention and treatments, than in this book. It needs to be studied worldwide for the prevention of cancer by all researchers who are looking for a cure."

—Edward S.,MD

"As a cancer patient who has been battling lymphatic cancer on and off for almost three years now, I was very pleased to stumble across *How to fight Cancer and Win*. The book was inspiring, well-written and packed with useful information for any cancer patient looking to maximize his or her chances for recovery."

—Romany S.

"I've been incorporating Dr. Budgwig's natural remedy into my diet and have told others about it. Your book is very informative and has information I've never heard about before (and I've read many books on the cancer and nutrition link). Thanks for the wonderful information."

—Molly G.

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record—that these funds will do almost nothing to help schoolchildren, but will do a lot to help Republicans save their jobs.

Washington's culture of spending was an important reason the Democrats finally lost control of Congress in 1994; but that culture now thrives on the Republican side of the aisle. In 2001, the federal government will end up spending some $400 billion more than it spent back in 1995 when the GOP took over the Congress. Every dime of that increase has been in domestic social programs; none of it has been devoted to defense. It says a lot about the Democratic party's priorities that the only protest Daschle, Gephardt & Co. have raised about the affordability of a federal program has been against missile-defense proposals.

Jeff Flake, the freshman Republican from Arizona, expresses shock that every vote on the budget in the first six months he was in Congress was to expand the size of the government. "I'm still waiting for a House floor vote to make government smaller," he grouses.

His colleagues evidently don't share his view. In the past two Congresses there has been a stampede to get on the appropriations committees, which, of course, parcel out the dollars. So now we essentially have two parties ruling Capitol Hill: one that wants big government, and another that wants even bigger government. That's not the kind of sharply defined ideological difference between the two parties that will send voters to the polls to pull the lever for Republicans.

If Republicans don't rediscover the ethic of fiscal restraint—if they don't dedicate themselves this fall to constraining spending to 4 percent or so, which is about half what they'd like to spend—there will be disastrous consequences: The entire Bush-GOP fiscal strategy of tarring and feathering Democrats as fiscally reckless will collapse; the surplus will continue to shrink; Republicans will be lambasted as the Bonnie and Clydes who raided the Social Security trust fund; the GOP tax-cutting agenda will be discredited; and Dick Gephardt will be elevated to Speaker of the House.

Then, of course, taxpayers will get to see what a *real* spender can do. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY II** ■

Visible Hand(outs)

Ending corporate welfare as we know it

RAMESH PONNURU

Six years ago, there seemed to be only one point of common ground in Washington. The newly elected Republican Congress was at odds with a Democratic White House on everything from school lunches to Medicare. Newt Gingrich tried to associate the Democrats with Susan Smith, who drowned her children; President Clinton tried to associate the Republicans with Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh. But on one issue, everybody professed agreement: Corporate welfare had to go. Clinton and Gingrich, Ralph Nader and Dick Armey, John Kasich and Robert Reich, the Heritage Foundation and Friends of the Earth all agreed that the federal government should stop giving subsidies to business. Colin Powell, too, blasted corporate welfare.

Clinton, Gingrich, Kasich, and Reich are all out of power now. But corporate welfare is still here. A forthcoming paper by Stephen Slivinski of the Cato Institute lists $87 billion of such subsidies in this year's budget. And corporate-welfare spending *is* growing. It's up 30 percent since 1997. Stephen Moore, a former Cato analyst now running the Club for Growth, concludes, "We fought a war against corporate welfare. Corporate welfare won."

One reason it won is that the consensus against it was shallow. Different groups had different views as to which programs counted as corporate welfare. Conservatives argued that most tax breaks could not be counted as welfare. Letting companies keep more of their profits was not the same as giving them taxpayers' money. In addition, conservatives viewed many business tax breaks as a partial corrective to the tax code's bias against savings and investment. If some industries were able to shield a portion of their investment from taxation, the solution was not to end this exemption but to extend it.

Reich, meanwhile, claimed that many of the programs Republicans wanted to abolish were not really corporate welfare because they gave indirect benefits to the public as well as direct benefits to companies. So elastic was the Clinton administration's conception of the public interest that in the end it was unable to identify any subsidies it wanted to eliminate. Clinton vetoed the Republicans' budget in 1995 partly because it did eliminate some subsidies. The campaign against corporate welfare has never really recovered from that veto.

That campaign has not, to be sure, entirely disappeared. President Bush's budget cuts corporate welfare by about $12 billion. No president since Reagan has had a more ambitious program of retrenchment. But Bush's cuts exist only on paper. He has said nothing in public about the cuts, done nothing to pressure Congress to make them, threatened no vetoes if they do not. Congress, not surprisingly, has ignored Bush's proposal.

Since 1995, opponents of corporate welfare have repeatedly tried to eliminate the Advanced Technology Program. Its budget has, however, grown by 40 percent during this period. Bush wants to eliminate the program, but so far his proposal is going nowhere. Senate budget-writers are suggesting a 38 percent ($55 million) increase.

The House has not been much more eager to wield the scalpel than the Senate. Bush's budget cuts the Market Access Program—which gives money to agricultural trade associations to advertise overseas—by 27 percent. The House Agriculture Committee wants to double the program.

Corporate welfare is likely to continue pretty much as is, unless the president makes an issue of it. There is a strong case for the president to give his proposals to rein in corporate welfare more publicity, and indeed to expand those proposals.

Fighting corporate welfare is the right thing to do. The federal government has no business subsidizing business. Corporate-welfare programs fall into two categories: either they pay for ventures that corpora-

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tions would have financed on their own because they make economic sense, in which case they're unnecessary; or they pay for ventures that corporations would not have financed on their own because they don't make economic sense, in which case they're foolish.

Sometimes a program straddles both categories. The Advanced Technology Program is supposed to be a funder of last resort for high-tech projects that could yield benefits to the economy. But many of the companies that apply for grants under the program—63 percent of them, according to a 1996 review by the General Accounting Office—never looked for any other funding before going to the government. The program often duplicates privately funded research. Let companies pay for their own research. Ditto for their marketing and their insurance, to mention other things corporate welfare covers.

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Corporate welfare is likely to continue pretty much as is, unless President Bush makes an issue of it.

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It would prove that Bush is not a servant of the Fortune 500. The idea that Bush is the president of corporate America is part of the received wisdom, and it's hurting him. Marshall Wittmann, a political analyst at the Hudson Institute, points to polls that show that people consider Bush a friend of big business and the wealthy rather than of average people. "That's the worst number he has consistently had," he says.

It would establish Bush as a "different kind of Republican." Republicans are associated with corporate welfare. As it happens, that's a bum rap. A lot of corporate-welfare programs are legacies of the New Deal and the Great Society. Even the tax provisions that are sometimes considered (rightly or wrongly) corporate welfare were largely the handiwork of Democratic Congresses. And the Clinton administration both defended existing corporate-welfare programs and pushed for new ones. But unfair as it is, the misperception offers Bush an opportunity to redefine himself with practically no polit-

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ical cost. Fighting corporate welfare, says Wittmann, would be "playing against type but in a free-market way, consistent with conservatism, that would win the accolades of the Heritage Foundation and the Cato Institute."

He needs the money. Bush is in a budget bind. He pledged to devote payroll-tax revenue solely to Social Security. If income-tax revenue comes in low because of the recession, or if spending rises, he won't be able to keep that pledge—unless he finds spending to cut elsewhere. The Congressional Budget Office is projecting that $9 billion of payroll-tax revenue will have to be tapped. The mere projection has led Democrats to charge Bush with breaking his pledge and "raiding" Social Security. It's a bogus charge, but one that could be dispelled if Bush were able to cut a few billion more from corporate welfare. Some programs may be too politically sacrosanct to touch: the programs that benefit agribusiness, for example. But Bush can demand at least the $12 billion in cuts he initially proposed, and then some, out of an $87 billion annual corporate-welfare budget.

Saying no to corporate demands for taxpayer money would increase Bush's moral authority.

It would put Bush in a better position to win other budget battles. David Stockman, Reagan's first budget chief, once said that budget-cutters had to prove that they were willing to say no to "weak claims," not just to "weak claimants." Saying no to demands for taxpayer money from corporate executives—his own presumed constituents—would increase Bush's moral authority in saying no to others' demands.

Ending corporate welfare would have salutary political effects. The advocates of ever-more-stringent campaign-finance regulation complain that businessmen sometimes use political contributions to buy special favors at the expense of the American people. Corporate welfare is a standing demonstration of the truth of that claim. Its existence does not, of course, prove the wisdom of the regulatory remedy. Reducing corporate welfare would lessen the incentive for companies to contribute to politicians (and, incidentally, prove the regulators wrong in their contention that no such reform can be effected until their nostrums are put in place).

Perhaps more important, ending corporate welfare might make business lobbies better allies of conservatives. Grover Norquist, the head of Americans for Tax Reform, says, "Eliminating corporate welfare would mean that corporate America's only interest in Washington would be in cutting taxes and free trade." (From one perspective, of course, trade barriers are themselves a particularly damaging form of corporate welfare, but Norquist's point is sound.)

It would ally Bush with John McCain. The Arizona senator can be an effective spokesman for conservative positions when he agrees with them, and on corporate welfare he does. Why not direct his energies in a constructive direction? Doing so would make it harder for reporters to keep writing the Bush–McCain feud story they love, with its implications of Republican disunity and White House pettiness. It might even force them to write a Bush-McCain reform story.

It would ally Bush with environmentalists. The environment is probably the single cluster of issues that has most bedeviled the Bush administration. Republicans have not found a distinctive policy on environmental issues, one that simultaneously advances free markets and environmental protection. Taking on corporate-welfare programs that despoil the environment would be a good start, not least because established environmental groups already support the idea. Friends of the Earth and like-minded groups run a "Green Scissors Campaign" that lobbies for it.

Which brings us to a final argument Bush might want to consider. Taking on corporate welfare would put the Democrats in a tough spot. Many liberals oppose corporate welfare; so does the public. A Bush initiative on the subject would force Democrats either to praise the president's leadership or to become the party of corporate welfare. Whether or not Bush could get corporate welfare cut, it would be a debate worth having. **NR**

■ **CAPITOL HILL** ■

Senate Sayonaras

Some bulls leave. What's next?

KATE O'BEIRNE

THE U.S. Senate will convene on January 3, 2003, without its most prominent and effective social and economic conservatives. Ever since Jesse Helms and Phil Gramm announced their intent to retire at the end of their current terms, Hill conservatives have been calculating the effect of the loss of these two stalwart allies. The retirements come just a year after the death of Georgia senator Paul Coverdell, who had been an invaluable behind-the-scenes coalition builder and a key strategic asset for conservatives. In its own way, each of these losses is more important than the defection of Jim Jeffords: While Jeffords just scrambled the committee chairmanships, the loss of Helms, Gramm, and Coverdell shifts the composition of the Senate markedly to the left.

While Coverdell's work might be taken up by another unique politician who is simply willing to work harder than anyone else, and shun the limelight, the current complacent political mood can't be expected to produce the likes of Jesse Helms and Phil Gramm.

Sen. Gramm asserted, correctly, that he had completed much of the work he had come to Washington to do. As a newly minted Republican congressman, he led a crusade against energy price caps, runaway welfare dependency, a hollow military, and big federal deficits. Under the Gramm-Rudman law, which required automatic budget cuts if the federal deficit wasn't brought down to specified levels, the deficit was reduced from 5 percent of GDP in 1986 to 3 percent in 1989.

"Phil Gramm's not replaceable, you know," says Republican Rep. John

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Shadegg of Arizona. One conservative Senate aide despairs that with Gramm's departure, "there is no one to take on Pete Domenici," the considerably less conservative Senate budget baron. Times have changed. The budget fights Gramm waged back in the 1980s took place when government was seen as the problem; today, the head of the GOP is a "compassionate conservative" who hopes only to cut the rate of growth of federal spending. One former GOP Senate staffer doesn't believe that conservative senators can be expected to operate the way Helms and Gramm did, because "cool times don't produce such hot politicians."

This veteran aide also expects that few newcomers will share the rarest of qualities in the clubby, collegial Senate: the willingness to make their colleagues angry. The most effective senators are those who are willing to use the full extent of their individual

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Today's politics can't be expected to produce the likes of Jesse Helms and Phil Gramm.

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power—even when it inconveniences other senators—when some issue is of critical importance to them. "There are only a few senators who are willing to keep a best friend from attending a daughter's graduation because he's determined to keep the Senate in session" to enact or defeat some measure.

Sens. Helms and Gramm—like others in the past, such as Bob Packwood and Howard Metzenbaum—have stubbornly wielded that power. Gramm freely, and frequently, acknowledges the price: "I did not come to Washington to be loved, and I have not been disappointed." Like Helms and Gramm, Sens. Pete Domenici of New Mexico and John McCain of Arizona have shown a willingness not to care a whit about being in the good graces of their colleagues; but, unlike those stalwarts, they have not necessarily done so on behalf of conservative policy goals.

Although Gramm will be leaving a more conservative Senate GOP conference than he joined almost 20 years ago, its average IQ will slip with his departure. Minority leader Trent Lott, an admirer, has been known to declare, "The problem with Phil Gramm is that he knows more than the rest of us, and *he* knows that he knows more." Gramm intimidated allies and adversaries alike—an approach that had its downside.

As chairman of the Senate GOP conference, Sen. Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania is looking to the future, and working on the coalition-outreach and communications strategy that Paul Coverdell had mastered. At one of his recent bimonthly briefings for lobbyists, Santorum explained that Gramm's enormous talents would be sorely missed when he left, but looked for a silver lining in the opportunities his absence would provide junior senators who had deferred to the talented Texan in the past.

Sen. Helms has been less active in recent years, and some of his younger colleagues have taken on the social issues he ably championed for so long. Sen. Sam Brownback of Kansas is leading the fight to prohibit cloning

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and the funding of embryonic-stem-cell research, and Sen. Tim Hutchinson of Arkansas chairs a weekly conference of conservative pro-family groups. Senate watchers hope that tough, committed conservatives like Sens. Jim Bunning (Kentucky), Mike Enzi (Wyoming), and the impressive Jon Kyl (Arizona)—together with newcomers like George Allen (Virginia) and John Ensign (Nevada)—take up parts of Gramm's broad portfolio. In a power play worthy of Jesse Helms, for instance, Sens. Kyl and Larry Craig (Idaho) recently threatened to block Senate approval of an appropriations bill until the Senate took up a few stalled presidential nominations. The Democrats promptly approved the nominees.

GOP campaign officials are confident of their party's ability to hold both seats. Although the executive director of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee quickly dubbed the campaign to replace Phil Gramm "one more

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Some of Helms's *younger colleagues* have taken on the social issues he championed.

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competitive race where we didn't expect to have one," GOP officials are betting that Democrats won't want to spend much money on such a long shot. "How are they going to explain to an incumbent in trouble, like [Max] Baucus in Montana, that they put resources he could have used into Texas?" asks Dan Allen of the GOP campaign committee.

Allen doesn't think that the Helms and Gramm retirements have changed the electoral equation for next year; he expects that the Democrats' only serious targets will be GOP Senate seats in New Hampshire, Arkansas, and Oregon, while there are opportunities for Republican pickups in Iowa, Missouri, Minnesota, Montana, New Jersey, and South Dakota.

But a new Phil Gramm or Jesse Helms? Nowhere in sight. At least not yet. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH** ■

Maternal Madness . . .

. . . or sheer iniquity?

Mothers who kill

JOHN DERBYSHIRE

MACBETH: How does your patient, doctor?
DOCTOR: Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

WAS Andrea Pia Yates sick when, on the morning of June 20, shortly after her husband left for work, she drowned her five children in the family bathtub? Respectable members of the medical profession certainly think so. Mrs. Yates had been on prescription antidepressants and antipsychotic drugs (which are much stronger), and had been hospitalized twice for depression since her fifth child was born, six months before the killings.

If she was sick, it is at any rate plain that the treatment she was getting did not heal her. Under the care of her doctors, paid for by the health-insurance plan that came with her husband's government job (he is a computer engineer for NASA), she killed her five children. There is to be a hearing to determine her fitness to stand trial. So: Is the lady sick, or just very wicked?

Before proceeding, let me tell you a true story. Several years ago, on a pleasant summer afternoon, I was sitting in the garden of a house I owned in London, when I saw a tortoise. I should explain that tortoises are given to children as pets in England, or at least they used to be—I think there are now strict controls on the tortoise market. It was never a good idea, as tortoises lack most of the characteristics that make animals interesting to children: They are not cuddly, playful, winsome, fierce, or noisy. Furthermore, they require much more careful attention than most children are willing to bestow on them. Perhaps there had been something in the newspapers along these lines; I cannot remember. At any rate, there I was in the garden when I saw this tortoise making his patient way across the lawn. A small hole had been drilled in the edge of his shell, so that he could be tethered—a usual procedure. Tortoises are slow, but dogged, and will wander away if not constrained. I suppose this one had broken free from his tether in some other garden, or been left untethered.

Now, I was feeling rather sorry for myself at the time—relationship problem. I suppose I was depressed. Watching that tortoise make his painstaking way across the lawn, some strange variant of the Sympathetic Fallacy kicked in. He was unwanted; he had been bought as a gift for children who had then lost interest in him. Perhaps they had let him wander off deliberately. My heart went out to this fellow mortal, who obviously had no future—surely a tortoise could not survive in London. For his own sake, I decided to put him out of his misery. I picked him up, took him in to the kitchen, filled a bowl with water, and held him under it to drown him. I held him there for a long time, several minutes, waiting for him to expire. It is, I learned, rather difficult to know when a tortoise has given up the ghost. He was quite agitated when I first put him underwater, but soon became inert. A thick milky white fluid came out of his back end. His mouth, however, continued to make very small movements.

Quite suddenly I came to my senses. *What on earth was I doing?* I lifted him out of the bowl and stared at him in horror. *I had tried to kill a tortoise! For no good reason at all!* As I stared, he blinked at me. I took him back out to the garden and set him down. After a brief moment to reorient himself, he took off across the lawn exactly as if nothing had happened, and disappeared into a neighboring garden.

I relate this trivial and rather embarrassing episode to establish some kind of credentials for talking about Altruistic Filicide.

What Mrs. Yates did was filicide—the killing of one's own children. It is not a particularly rare crime. Of the 1,500 or so children who are killed each year in

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the U.S. by acts of violence directed at them, around 30 percent die at the hands of a parent. You may recall the 1994 case of Susan Smith, who strapped her two young sons into their car seats and then rolled the car into a lake. Even Mrs. Yates's *modus operandi* was not unprecedented: Back in 1965, 38-year-old Maggie Young of Honolulu (Mrs. Yates was 36) drowned her own five children in their bathtub and laid them out on a bed in exactly the Yates fashion, while her husband was away from home. Even worse was the case of Constance Fisher of Maine, who drowned her first three children—bathtub again—in 1954. After five years as a psychiatric patient in Augusta State Hospital, Fisher was declared "cured" and returned home. She then had three more children, all of whom she drowned in 1967.

The classic study on this subject, carried out over 30 years ago by forensic psychiatrist Dr. Phillip J. Resnick, places filicides into five categories: accidental (for example, someone kills a child by shaking him too vigorously), altruistic (killing a child from pity, "for his own good"), acutely psychotic (under the influence of hallucinogens or delirium), unwanted child (as in the case of Susan Smith, who believed the man she loved would not take her if she came burdened with children), and revenge against a partner (Medea). Now, Mrs. Yates's explanation of her actions was: "I am a bad mother and they were hopelessly damaged." To judge from that statement, she killed her children out of misplaced altruism. She felt about them the way I felt about that tortoise, the way Jude the Obscure's son felt about his siblings: that they had no hope of a happy life, and so would be better off in the next world. Her general state of mind must have been something drastically worse than mere low spirits, but I believe I have got at least the hint of an insight into her thought processes.

Mrs. Yates was, of course, mistaken. Her children were healthy and well adjusted, their life chances better than average. She herself, so far as anyone—including her husband—had been able to see, was a loving and conscientious mother, in spite of being prone to savage attacks of postpartum depression. Still, I think it is wrong to see the crime in terms of the intolerable frustrations of child-raising—the explanation that motivates all the celebrities and support groups that have come out in her defense. Rosie O'Donnell declared that she felt "overwhelming empathy" for Mrs. Yates. Katie Couric told viewers of her TV show where to send contributions to Mrs. Yates's legal-defense fund. Anna Quindlen chipped in with a rant against "the insidious cult of motherhood." A branch of the National Organization for Women has put together an Andrea Pia Yates Support Coalition, pulling in the ACLU and various anti-death-penalty groups.

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The medicalization of these life problems kicks out yet more props from under our system of ethics.

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I believe that what all these people really have in mind is to establish "awareness" (as they would say) of another Victim Sickness. It is now a firm principle of victimology that members of designated victim groups are especially susceptible to certain diseases, brought on by the stress of their subjection to the oppressive white male heterosexual patriarchy. Some of these diseases are behavioral aberrations caused by that stress: Homosexuals would settle down into stable, AIDS-risk-free unions if they were not driven into promiscuity by the insults and cruelty of the breeder majority; black people are forced into crime and drug addiction, as well as hypertension, by white racism. And now Ms. Quindlen's "insidious cult of motherhood" is dragging women down into psychopathy and filicide.

I don't think we should buy this. The challenges, confusions, and hormonal changes of new motherhood sometimes cause massive unhappiness; but then, so do many other life events—broken love, the death of a partner, financial ruin, physical disability, and so on. I don't see how it helps to label these miseries "sickness," especially when it is plain that we have not much idea how to "cure" them. Further, the medicalization of these life problems, the notion that they have their origins in some infectious agent or organic malfunction (for neither of which is there any evidence), kicks out yet more props from under our system of ethics. Either we are responsible agents, even in the midst of the direst unhappiness, or we are not. If we are not, then the foundations of our social ethics, and in particular of our legal system, are reduced to mud.

With a great effort of imagination I think I can see what was in Mrs. Yates's mind when she drowned her children. I can't forgive her for it, though: *Tout comprendre* is not *tout pardonner*, and never should be. Mrs. Yates did a monstrously wicked thing, and ought to be punished for it. State prosecutors have asked for the death penalty. I hope they make their case. I hope Mrs. Yates will be executed, and soon.

MACBETH: Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain . . .?
DOCTOR: Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

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■ COVER STORY ■

Our Splendid Cuss

The likable Phil Gramm

JAY NORDLINGER

As if it weren't bad enough that Jesse Helms is leaving, Phil Gramm, too, is "moving on," to use a recently popular phrase. Thus are we right types losing our two favorite, and most stalwart, senators. Each is judged irreplaceable, indispensable, and each may be, though Gramm bristles at the suggestion: "As my grandmama used to say, 'The graveyard is full of indispensable men.'" Plus, the Founders set it up so that "it shouldn't matter who's here [in Washington]." Moreover, "Senators often say to me, 'You said, or did, exactly what I wanted to do.' But if I hadn't been here, maybe they would have."

Don't know about that one. For about 20 years, Phil Gramm has been the conservatives'—and the libertarians'—great champion and explicator. He has been almost a one-man band in defending and explaining what is sometimes called quaintly "economic freedom." He was about the only one in Washington who *really* gave a rip about property rights. In many ways, he has been the office-holding equivalent of the columnist and economist Thomas Sowell, a splendid cuss.

It is almost universally acknowledged that Gramm is brainy, principled, and fearless. It is also almost universally alleged that he is not a likable, certainly not a lovable, man, and that this hampered his effort to go further: to be president.

Some of us have long held that if America doesn't like Phil Gramm, America is nuts. What's not to like about . . . well, take a typical Gramm moment, one that has entered the lore about him, lovingly passed around by Gramm fans, or, as we have sometimes been tagged, "Gramm crackers." He's debating education policy with some lady who represents the education establishment. The exchange goes something like this:

GRAMM: My education proposals are premised on the fact that I care more about my children than you do.

LADY WHO REPRESENTS THE EDUCATION ESTABLISHMENT: No, you don't.

GRAMM: Oh? What are their names?

Phil Gramm by Roman Genn

True, Gramm tends toward the mordant, and he doesn't mesh with an Oprah-ized, schmoozified culture of "niceness" and drippy sentiment. Many people have pointed out—and they're not entirely wrong—that Gramm is "no diplomat" and even "no politician." Yet he is certainly *some* kind of politician: He got elected, and reelected, and reelected, by whopping margins in Texas, a state of 20 million people. Gramm was an academic, an intellectual, and an individualist, yes, but he was also a canny pol, as evidenced not only by his victory margins but by his record in the House and Senate.

Announcing his retirement, he declared that he had achieved everything he had come to Washington to do: He (with the help of one or two others, maybe) had balanced the budget, cut taxes, moved power out of Washington, opened up trade, deregulated, rebuilt the military, and "rolled back the borders of Communism." He says that he never would have stood down if Al Gore had made it to the White House—he would've needed to stay as a blocker. But with Bush in, he felt the moment was right. The Republicans' loss of their Senate majority, he insists, had nothing to do with it. When Gramm talks, you tend to believe him, no matter what you think of him. It's part of his singularity.

AN AMERICAN LIFE

The Gramm story is oft told, but worth recapping. He was born at Fort Benning, Ga., to a humble military couple. Early on, his father became an invalid, leaving the family in stricken circumstances. Young Gramm was held back from several grades, and was eventually sent to military school, to straighten up and fly right. He did. He went to the University of Georgia, earning a B.A. and then staying there for a Ph.D. in economics. He never wanted to be a politician—at least at first. The great dream of his life was to become a tenured professor (an understandable goal for the ambi-

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tious product of a family that had never enjoyed much education). He got what he wanted, at Texas A&M, at the age of 30.

Before long, he was nosing about in politics. Intent on propagating his views, he wrote, as he tells it, to "150-odd civic clubs in East Texas, saying, 'If you want someone to come speak on any one of these dozen subjects, I'm your man.'" A single invitation came in: from a Lions Club in the tiny town of Wortham, "just north of Mexia." There he met the printer Dicky Flatt, who would become his emblem of the hard-working common man, whose back guvmint needed to get and stay off. Gramm's message that day was his classic: "Freedom is a great thing, America has too little of it, the government's too big, too powerful, and too expensive." ("It still is," adds the senator.)

In time—1978—he got himself elected to Congress, as a Democrat (a natural thing for a Georgian and Texan to be). When Reagan took office, Gramm realized that here was a man "who wanted to do what I had always dreamed of doing." He worked with that president to scale back the government, leading the Democratic leadership to boot him from the Budget Committee. Gramm could have switched parties on the spot—but he didn't think it was right, opting to resign and present himself as a Republican in a special election. To the people, he uttered, over and over, his semi-famous line, "I had to choose between Tip O'Neill and y'all, and I decided to stand with y'all."

Gramm says today that the Democratic party is, in fact, socialist, "if by 'socialist' you mean the redistribution of wealth, more decisions made by the central government—no question about it. My grandmother thought of the Democrats as the party of the people. What they are is the party of government." They benefit from economic ignorance, too, because the subject "is very hard to understand." Trade, in particular, is "the toughest issue I've ever dealt with, and it is also the one I feel most passionate about." The problem is, "Free trade is counterintuitive. It's like skiing. *Everyone* benefits from trade, but a *few* people benefit from protectionism, and they know who they are." They also tend to be well organized and entrenched—while the vast, trade-blessed majority remain pretty much clueless.

GRAMM CONTRA CLINTON

During Clinton's two terms, Gramm was unyielding. That president probably had no stronger foe in the Senate. Of Clinton, Gramm says, "He had an ability to communicate, like Reagan," but, unlike Reagan, "he was willing to say anything. He could do a 180 on a dime, because he was unencumbered by principles or values, as far as I could tell." Clinton could have done "real harm" if he had "tended to his business, if he had focused all his energies on his political agenda, instead of constantly throwing up roadblocks for himself. The good news is that, in eight years, Bill Clinton did America relatively little harm." His domestic program was thwarted, in large measure because a Republican House was elected in 1994. Newt Gingrich, for Gramm, is something of a tragic figure: "He was the reason the Republicans won control of the House, and, in the end, he had to leave so they could keep control of it."

As for Clinton's foreign policy, it was "weak," but "without Ivan at the gate, it didn't make any difference."

If that Clinton domestic agenda was indeed thwarted, one of the reasons was that Gramm stood—early and immovable—against nationalized health care. He said, famously, that it would pass "over my cold, dead political body." It was his adamancy that stiffened Republican spines, that kept the temporizers and defeatists from trying to split the difference. Gramm remarked that only two people in Washington had read the entire health-care bill, himself and Hillary Clinton: "She loved it, I hated it."

As a presidential candidate, Gramm seemed a good thing: a self-made man, an articulate one, certainly a driven one. He didn't go in for what was later called "compassionate conservatism," because conservatism—just plain conservatism, freedom—*was* compassionate, dammit, and why didn't more people understand that? And he was tired of being lectured to about poverty and hardship by people who had never known any.

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He didn't go in for 'compassionate conservatism,' because just plain conservatism—freedom—*was* compassionate, dammit.

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Gramm, though, went nowhere. He raised a lot of money, but not a lot of supporters. What went wrong? "I was a poor candidate. I did a bad job. There's no one to blame but myself." What's more, "America was never going to elect me unless there was a crisis. And people didn't see a crisis in 1996. I was the wrong person at the wrong time. And there may never have been a right time for me."

Turning to the future, Gramm believes, among other things, that Social Security reform will eventually happen, because the Democrats can't demagogue it forever: "At some point, the lights go out. They run out of money," and that will be reform's hour. Gramm would like to see no income tax at all, favoring instead a consumption tax, "because the government doesn't have to know what your income is. It's a simpler system, and everybody pays." Even a flat tax won't "lead you home," because it would be strangled by exemptions. "If you get the tax away from income, you have a much better chance."

And then there's the miserable problem of race in America. Racial politics, says Gramm, is actually "dangerous" (a typically direct Gramm word). "Some people try to benefit by pitting people against one another based on race. Quotas and set-asides are *dangerous*. In America, we should judge people one at a time. When you start thinking of yourself as a group, that in itself is alien to America. Merit is the only fair way to do things. If we have a system based on merit and I don't get a promotion and someone else does, I can accept that. But if I believe the other person got it based on race, gender, or something else, it's harder to accept." The "incredible inequalities" we impose carry a steep price.

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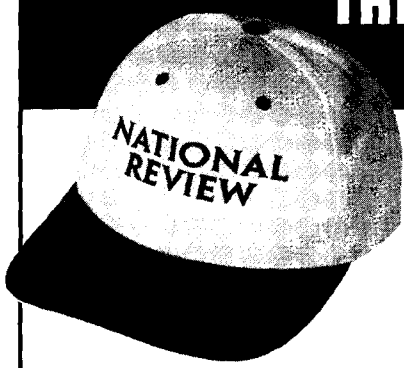
THE GUTS TO FIGHT

For all these years, Gramm has never quite been a Washington insider, though he's been an excellent player inside Washington. He never tried to be popular, and as a result he was intensely popular among those who understood and appreciated what he was doing. People like Clinton's Paul Begala used to knock him for being anti-government, and if he hated government so much, why did he spend so much time in government? Why didn't he get the hell out? Gramm is that rare, invaluable politician: a free-marketeer and anti-statist who's willing to work and succeed in politics in order to frustrate the centralizers. Someone has to. Not every Friedmanite can afford to shun government.

Can anyone replace him? Among the colleagues Gramm has been most impressed with is Mitch McConnell of Kentucky, "a great senator, who has principles and is willing to stand up for them, and to be unpopular." McConnell is, indeed, probably the most Gramm-like senator in Washington, apart from the original. Gramm also says that "if I could pick just one senator to be my own senator, it would be Don Nickles," of Oklahoma, because "he's got a good heart, and he's right on virtually everything." Finally, he suggests keeping an eye on two less familiar senators: Idaho's Mike Crapo and Alabama's Jeff Sessions.

If there's one thing Gramm is proud of, or wishes to emphasize, it's that "I've changed this town more than it has changed me. And I'm no less idealistic than I ever was." He says, "The one thing I've been committed to is freedom. Not just the freedom to say, 'I disagree with the government'"—everyone loves the First Amendment. No, "economic freedoms, which are the most important ones," and also the ones most easily encroached on. "My whole career, no matter what I've done, has been about trying to promote freedom. That's all there is."

What's not to like about that? **NR**



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Losing the Soul of the GOP

Republicans make a rotten peace with race preferences

WARD CONNERLY

We learned recently that the Bush administration will defend a government contracting program that is an explicit system of preferences and quotas, based on race. I'm not the least surprised. Why? Because as governor of Texas and as a presidential candidate, George W. Bush avoided taking a position on affirmative action or "triangulated" on the issue in ways that would make Bill Clinton green with envy.

He was essentially silent about the *Hopwood* case, centering on the University of Texas. He took no position on Measure A in Houston, a ballot initiative patterned after California's Proposition 209 (banning preferences in public institutions). As a presidential candidate, he ducked questions concerning 209: What, after all, did he think about it? In his final debate with Al Gore, he seemed to pray silently that the moderator would step in and call "time" when a question about affirmative action was on the floor. He sought to please everyone and offend no one by expressing support for something named "affirmative access."

While in the White House, Bush and my good friend John Ashcroft, the attorney general, have seamlessly embraced the issue of "racial profiling" as if it were an epidemic threatening black America. Then we have the decision in support of continued discrimination in government contracting. When it comes to issues of race and preferences, Bush and a host of other Republican leaders have been drifting tragically leftward for about five years. Mesmerized by the quest for skin-color "diversity," and hoping to "broaden the base" of the party, they have been moving away from the Republican rank-and-file in ways that are fundamentally transforming the party—the party that should carry the banner of Equality for All.

Let's look at some facts, beginning with the 1996 Republican convention.

That year, the most important state ballot initiative was Proposition 209. The cause of getting rid of race preferences was deemed so important that the party included an endorsement of 209 in its platform. That action, sadly, marked the end of the party's clear and unequivocal commitment to true equality and the beginning of its current Jekyll-and-Hyde posture.

Perhaps significantly, even as the party was endorsing Prop.

Mr. Connerly is founder and chairman of the American Civil Rights Institute and author of *Creating Equal: My Fight Against Race Preferences.*

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209, it was denying the requests of then-California governor Pete Wilson and Bill Bennett that I, as chairman of the 209 campaign, address the convention. The reason given was that my appearance might "send the wrong message" to minorities about the GOP's commitment to "diversity." At the convention, I sat as a California delegate while Colin Powell took center stage and voiced his support for affirmative action, opposing the party on a key issue, an issue of principle and conscience.

Several months later, when a number of Republicans and others in Arizona sought to pass a bill in that state's legislature outlawing race preferences, we were told by several Republican legislators that they had received calls from Sen. John McCain urging them not to support such a measure because—again, as always—it might "send the wrong message."

When I met with Speaker Newt Gingrich in 1997 to enlist his support in getting Congress to act against preferences, he deferred to Rep. J. C. Watts (another good friend of mine). J. C. responded, "Not now, Ward. It's not the right time." He wanted Congress to approve more enterprise zones, school choice, and other initiatives before turning to race preferences.

When we sought the support of Florida governor Jeb Bush and the (Republican-controlled) Florida legislature in placing on the ballot an initiative ending preferences in the state, the governor opposed us by calling us (me, in particular) "divisive." He then tried to preempt our initiative by announcing his "One Florida" plan, a series of baby steps that ended preferences in university admissions while strengthening them through race-conscious "diversity" measures elsewhere.

To think politically for a moment: A full 70 percent of Florida voters indicated that they would vote to end preferences. Yet the chairman of the Florida Republican party said, "Mr. Connerly has a solution looking for a problem which does not exist in Florida."

When I was invited by the Michigan Republican party to address them in 1999, the invitation was suddenly withdrawn after the office of Gov. John Engler contacted my office to request more information about me. I received a letter of apology from the party a few days later with an oblique reference to "political considerations."

In 2000, George W. Bush spoke to the NAACP's convention, and he used the occasion to apologize for his party, saying that it had failed to conduct itself as "the party of Lincoln." I was not alone in wondering, "What is he apologizing for? What have we done to dishonor Lincoln?" Bush should have told the NAACP that Democrats take black Americans for granted, not seeing them and other "minorities" as individuals but as groups. The GOP should dedicate itself to *individual* rights—which is the ultimate definition of civil rights.

At the Republicans' own convention that year, Colin Powell again took center stage to heighten his rhetoric against those of us who are opposed to race preferences. In blasting his fellow Republicans, Powell has done far more to preserve preferences—despite the opposition he expressed to them in his autobiography—than has Jesse Jackson. Certainly my own life has been more grief-filled because of Powell's party-sanctioned speeches than because of all the attacks on me by Jackson and the rest of the preferences cartel.

Not only were the likes of me kept from addressing the party convention in 2000 (as before)—our requests to purchase booth space to exhibit the literature of the American Civil Rights Institute were denied by both the national GOP and the Florida GOP.

More recently, in California, our efforts to get the government out of the business of asking citizens about their race—through a ballot measure called the Racial Privacy Initiative—are being opposed by a handful of Republican officeholders and party managers. The contention is that our initiative will damage efforts to "rebuild the party" by "attracting more minorities."

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Our critics are never able to say how it is that the GOP is harmed by initiatives that prove popular with the voting public.

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There is a lot of fuzzy-headed and unsupported punditry making the rounds that the California GOP has fallen on hard times because of three "controversial" ballot initiatives: 187 (illegal immigration), 209 (race preferences), and 227 (bilingual education). Those who subscribe to this view are never able to explain how the GOP is harmed by initiatives that are popular with the voting public. Even blacks, the largest voting bloc in support of preferences, supported 209 at three times the rate of their usual support for GOP candidates.

Yet mysteriously, the three Republicans who have had the most success with the California electorate over the course of the last decade—Pete Wilson, Ron Unz, and yours truly—played no role whatever in the Bush presidential campaign (which included, of course, a mammoth defeat in California). We were avoided because of the issues with which we are identified and the desire of the candidate not to be found guilty by association.

THE AWFUL REALITY

This strategy of avoidance has been a truly remarkable phenomenon. When I was in Austin early in 1999, I was entering the Texas capitol just as Gov. Bush was doing the same. He graciously welcomed me to Texas and said he wanted me to come to dinner one day soon. When my staff and I followed up on the invitation, the Bush people informed us that the invitation would be delayed until the Texas legislature adjourned. Several weeks after the legislature had adjourned, I was told by a key Bush adviser that he would arrange for me to meet and travel with the governor during an upcoming visit to California. Bush came and left without any contact with me. Finally, we were told just before the inauguration that as soon as the president got "settled in" an invitation would be made to discuss the issues of concern to

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me. Months later, with the president well "settled in," calls from my staff to arrange that meeting are not even being returned.

Well, reality has finally "settled in" for me: I sense that the only chance I will have in my lifetime to discuss race preferences with an American president has already occurred. Strangely, it was Bill Clinton who provided that opportunity. I do not expect as much out of George W. Bush.

Throughout the last presidential campaign, I was criticized roundly, by both critics and allies, for urging Bush to announce a clear and unequivocal position on preferences. "Cut him some slack," they said. "He's with us, and will make some changes once he gets elected." Also, "Don't give Al Gore an issue to beat our guy over the head with." And, "Don't jeopardize our chance of getting a favorable Supreme Court," a Court that would abolish preferences for all time.

Often I expressed skepticism that Bush would govern decisively on an issue that he had dodged during the campaign. "What basis do we have for expecting courage and commitment to appear suddenly after the election?" I asked. A few others did as well.

■

I regret to say that if I had no political affiliation today, I would not be tempted to become a Republican.

■

Bush's recent decision to defend a morally indefensible government contracting program—the one that resulted in the rejection of the low bid by Randy and Valery Pech of Adarand Constructors, because they are white—speaks volumes about the decline of fundamental values of citizenship in America. Because the victims are white, we look the other way and rationalize our indifference by talk of "providing access to minorities."

When I think of the Pechs, I am also reminded of Xiaolin Li, a student of Vietnamese descent who was a candidate for a "minorities only" scholarship funded by the (tax-exempt) Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. This program is operated by the United Negro College Fund, and while it excludes whites from eligibility it also sets a higher standard for Asians. Miss Li was in financial need, had a 3.7 grade point average, and boasted an SAT score of 1,380—academic performance that greatly exceeds that of the average black student. But she was rejected because she didn't score high enough in the "non-African-American" pool of candidates. As the young lady said to me in a letter, "It just seems that being Asian has hurt me."

Yet people like her simply don't matter to some of us when we think we are engaged in the noble project of providing "access" to members of anointed minority groups. We don't realize that innocent people are harmed in our preferential schemes. As the critic Shelby Steele often says, "Whenever you give someone a preference, you discriminate against someone else." Why is that so hard to understand?

WHY BE A REPUBLICAN IN THE FIRST PLACE?

I became a card-carrying Republican in 1969. No one recruited me (I am a "person of color") in an effort to increase the party's "diversity." In fact, no one much cared whether I became a Republican or not. What inspired me was the bold and decisive leadership of California's governor, Ronald Reagan. He was unequivocal in his views, and those views were right.

Although the "civil rights" establishment sought to portray Reagan as anti-black, millions of Americans like me ignored that portrayal and became Republicans because we respected Reagan and his beliefs. He governed with good humor and made clear that our skin color or ancestry was of no concern to him. We knew that, in his eyes, we were equals. What he wanted from us was that we embrace the pillars of freedom in which he believed. Clarence Thomas and I and numerous others were not "black Republicans"; we were just Republicans. That anonymity and feeling of blending into the political fabric of our nation is what attracted us. We sought no special favors, nor wanted any. This group is reflected in the 27 percent of black people who voted for Proposition 209. Imagine the political effect if Bob Dole or George W. Bush could get that same percentage of black voters!

I regret to say that if I had no political affiliation today, I would not be tempted to become a Republican. In its quest for skin-color diversity, the Republican party is subverting its philosophical foundation. The sad fact is, when it comes to principles of individual rights and colorblindness, the Grand Old Party isn't so grand anymore. Principled positions on preferences, bilingual education, and so on are now characterized as "divisive," as "culture war" annoyances, to be avoided at all costs.

The leadership of our party—grossly out of step with ordinary Republicans—doesn't have the stomach to defend the party's principles. But that's not the worst news: The worst news is that the leadership is all too eager to help our opponents on the left when they want to shoot us down for daring to defend, explain, and promote our traditional principles.

Truth is, for the last five years, race, gender, and ethnic preferences have been on the ropes—but the knockout blow has been blocked, in part because of the support the Republican grandees give to preferences, either tacitly or explicitly. As long as identity politics and the obsession with skin-color diversity get top billing in the Republican party, there will be no leadership from Republicans, including the Bush administration, to end preferences. They will prefer the slow and agonizing death that preferences will eventually suffer at the hands of court decisions, even as they seek to influence the Supreme Court to *delay* that richly deserved demise. All the while, people like the Pechs and Xiaolin Li will be expected to seethe in silence, as the nation redefines discrimination against some as "access" for others.

I think of a momentous question posed in the Bible: "[W]hat is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" In this spirit, I ask: How much skin-color diversity does the Republican party require in exchange for its highest principles? **NR**

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A Grand Tour

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Smiling Through the Cultural Catastrophe—Toward the Revival of Higher Education, by Jeffrey Hart (Yale, 271 pp., $26.95)

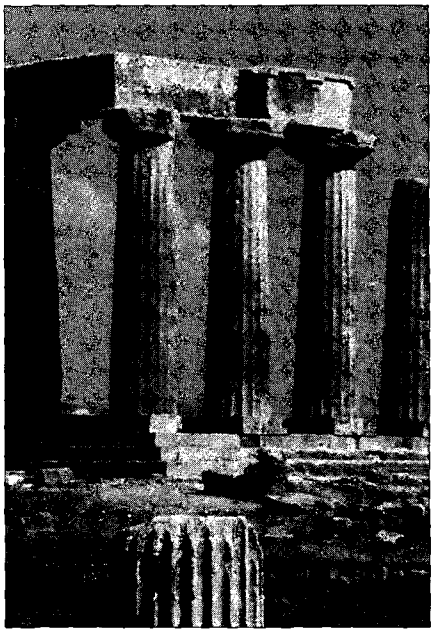
THE author is especially well known to the readers of this journal, having served as a senior editor for over 30 years. He is also a syndicated columnist, the author of seven books, and an essayist, widely published in the academic journals. What he has here is surely a crowning achievement.

Jeffrey Hart, as an undergraduate, never got over what he saw on climbing the marble stairs leading to Columbia's Butler Library. He stared up at the names carved in stone on the library's frieze: Homer, Voltaire, Aristotle, Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, Rousseau, Sophocles, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe.

It was a nice idea, somewhere along the line, when the artists/architects/designers resisted what must have been somebody's impulse, to list these ineffable men chronologically, or (God forbid!) alphabetically, as would have been required if William Morris was their agent. They're just there, and who cares that Aristotle had already passed on when Voltaire came around? Hart celebrates his writers and philosophers individually; but he also supplies a narrative, and its lodestone is ATHENS and JERUSALEM, the two great poles of human attention, Athens celebrating, above all, cognition; Jerusalem, the soul.

This is hardly a disjunction devised by

Mr. Buckley is an editor-at-large of NATIONAL REVIEW. His current book is the novel *Elvis in the Morning*.



A fountainhead

Professor Hart, who has traveled from Columbia undergraduate to Columbia Ph.D. to professor of English at Dartmouth, where one year he was acclaimed in a poll as one of the best teachers in town. The terms were used as paradigms by Tertullian, no less (3rd century A.D.), who attempted in a historical tug of war with Clement and Origen to stress the claims of God as exclusive. He failed, and the Athens–Jerusalem dialectic took root in the West.

So, Hart's crystallizations are under way. Achilles and Moses were fundamental to their civilizations, "both flawed, both heroic and exemplary." That heroic virtue of Achilles would be "internalized by Socrates as heroic philosophy." The commandments of Moses would be "internalized by Jesus in the Sermon on the Mount as heroic holiness." On to Paul, Augustine, Dante, Hamlet, Molière, Voltaire, Dostoyevsky, Scott Fitzgerald.

In the end, the Church didn't throw Athens overboard, instead, legitimized it. Dante's sublime architecture brought together in uneasy synthesis Rome (i.e., Athens) and Jerusalem. And then Shakespeare. "I conclude that Hamlet's undoubted greatness as a tragic hero consists not in anything he does but in everything he says. He is a Prince not of Elsinore—at that he fails—but of eloquence, and composes his appropriate epitaph in his last words: 'The rest is silence.'"

The dialectic flowed forward into European civilization, its dynamic and its characteristic symbols. What came of it is very different from "the great stasis suggested by the Forbidden City and the Great Wall. 'Better fifty years of Europe,'" Hart quotes Tennyson, "'than a cycle [a thousand years] of Cathay.'" That said, it was others who gave us the alphabet and numeration, and we are reminded that the theorems of Newton and Einstein are as valid in China or Africa as they are in New York or Paris.

Hart is a master illustrator. Christopher Columbus was impelled westward by several motives. He was a navigator, moved by scientific curiosity. He believed the globe to be smaller than it is and tested his assumptions in the manner of an empiricist. He was a Christian who sought to extend the teachings of his faith. And he had manifest commercial ambitions. "This combination of motives gives us, in motion, the Athens–Jerusalem paradigm and the energies it generated in a man of the late fifteenth century."

The Enlightenment of the 17th and 18th centuries brought the merciful end to the religious wars, and nourished science, logic, fact, reason, and experience. Its excesses brought rejection of it by Swift and Burke and Dostoyevsky, but its impact endures and, by the lights of Professor Hart, is welcome, its fruits manifest.

IT is a grand tour, guided by Hart's learning, fueled by his passion, beguiling in its delivery, reflecting a lifetime's experience as a teacher. Consider, for its music alone, a passage in a chapter in which he addresses themes of magic,

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transformation, and actuality. The drunken driver cannot understand why, never mind that the wheel is detached from his automobile, he can't just put it in reverse and get away . . . Here is Fitzgerald: "The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo and I turned and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch with his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell." Here is Hart: "The host, the wafer, the moon, and a benediction are there as Gatsby says farewell, sacraments in the parallel and parodic religion of magic. The drunken driver, of course, is a comic version of the tragic Gatsby. He ignores the detached wheel, and Gatsby, himself drunk on imagination and possibility, ignores the reality of time."

■

Hart's passionate book reflects a lifetime's experience as a teacher.

■

In a closing chapter, Hart writes of the "disinterested" norm. Unless you can analyze with strict, not to say reverential, concern for actuality, you are not to be trusted, because you are simply incomplete. It is only in his Afterword that he addresses directly current problems in the academy. "We have had fantastic egalitarian denials that one work can be superior to another." But he is optimistic that intellectual remobilization has made the position of literature "stronger than before." He discerns that much that goes on—perhaps we can say, *has* gone on—is an "antinomian dislike of rules, a rebellion against genuine learning and authority, an egalitarian abandonment of distinctions between the important and the unimportant."

In this relatively slim volume, Jeffrey Hart has told the freshman—and the graduate student—and the man and woman of affairs—how rich is the Western patrimony. This book merits a place in its library. **NR**

Hence, Loathèd Melancholy

JOHN D. GARTNER

The Noonday Demon: An Atlas of Depression, by Andrew Solomon (Scribner, 569 pp., $28)

THE readers of the future may dub our time the Age of Mental Illness. Our writers are not more tortured than those of previous generations, but they are the first to attribute their suffering to their brains' neurochemistry.

Prozac, which works on that neurochemistry, was introduced in 1988. Today, an amazing one in ten Americans takes this drug or one of the other antidepressants it spawned. These rates are likely to rise, because only half of those with depression currently receive any treatment. Depression is "the family secret everyone has."

Andrew Solomon's interest in depression began with his own breakdown, which he describes with eloquence and humor. One of my psychotherapy patients who read this book said that the passage below helped her put into words what she had never been able to express:

> My depression had grown on me as that vine had conquered the oak; it had been a sucking thing that had wrapped itself around me, ugly and more alive than I. It had had a life of its own that bit by bit asphyxiated all of my life out of me . . .

If Solomon had stopped there, this book would be just the most recent addition to the rapidly growing genre of mental-illness memoirs. But because Solomon is a reporter (part of this book appeared in *The New Yorker*, and sparked over a thousand letters), the book is also a solidly researched investigation into what appears to be a silent plague.

Depression is not new. Hippocrates declared depression a brain illness, while Plato thought its origins were to be found in childhood; their disagreement parallels the modern debate between psychopharmacologists and psychoanalysts. Obviously, the depressed have both brains and minds—and both need treatment. Not surprisingly, research shows that "the combination of drugs and therapy works better than either one alone." One of Solomon's themes is that the interaction between the brain and mind is complex, even mysterious; neither can be reduced to the other.

To complicate the picture, depression is woven into the fabric of numerous social problems, as both cause and effect. For example, poor people tend to be depressed, which both reflects their circumstances and saps their motivation to improve them. Most users of both legal and illegal drugs are also endeavoring to "self-medicate" an underlying mood disorder. Substance abuse and depression can be found deeply entwined in many family trees, and it's not hard to understand why. Drugs offer immediate pleasure and relief of suffering, but can disrupt life in ways that lead to further despair.

The social implications of this argument are tricky. On the one hand, does it make sense to jail substantial portions of the population for their flawed attempts to medicate an illness? I have had many patients tell me that *only* marijuana relieves their depression. On the other hand, we are increasingly excusing all kinds of behavior, even murder, with the explanation that the perpetrator was depressed. "Engaging in violent acts is not a good way to treat depression. It is, however, effective," says Solomon, who confesses to having seriously assaulted a lover who dumped him. "I came home that night covered in blood—mine and his—and with a feeling of both horror and exhilaration." Solomon admits that this does not "relieve [him] of responsibility for violence," but he expresses only qualified remorse:

> People expressed horror at my attack . . . I was chagrined by what I had done; yet though one part of me regrets the suffering of my friend, another part of me does not rue what happened, because I sincerely believe that I would have gone irretrievably crazy if I had not done it.

Here Solomon is dead wrong. Con-

Mr. Gartner is a clinical assistant professor of psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins University Medical School.

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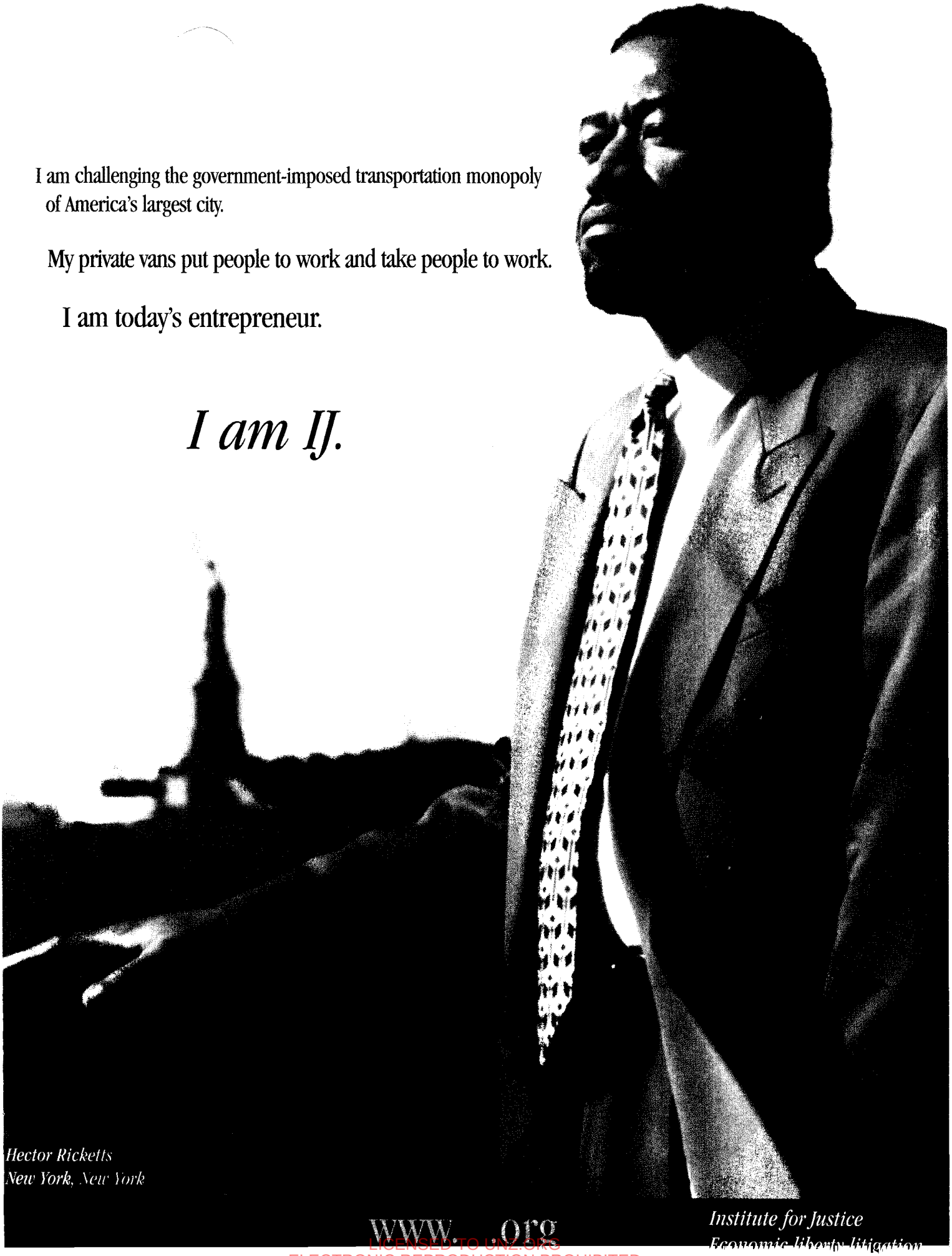
I am challenging the government-imposed transportation monopoly of America's largest city.

My private vans put people to work and take people to work.

I am today's entrepreneur.

I am IJ.



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trolling his violent impulses would have done him no harm, and would have saved his friend a trip to the emergency room.

From an evolutionary point of view the big question is: Why didn't natural selection weed out depressive genes? Depressives have low reproduction rates (depression destroys libido) and high mortality. Logically they should have gone the way of the dodo. Solomon's best guess is that we need psychic pain sensors, just as we do physical ones. Depression is like nausea: When you involuntarily "get sick," it serves a protective function. Something in your psychic life is rancid, and you must expel it or withdraw from it.

While depression distorts reality (making one's life feel worthless, hopeless, and meaningless), in a paradoxical way it also reveals reality, by forcing one to be aware of what is *wrong* with oneself and the world. Freud observed that the melancholic has a "keener eye for the truth than others who are not melancholic." That's because healthy people sustain themselves with "positive self-enhancing illusions." The non-depressed grossly overestimate how many Martians they have killed on a video game; depressives don't. The non-depressed rate themselves more highly than their peers on various skills and personality traits. Depressives, who supposedly suffer from low self-esteem, accurately match the assessments of their peers when rating themselves. "Depressives have seen the world too clearly," says Solomon.

Depression forces introspection, to the point of obsessive rumination. "The unexamined life is unavailable to the depressed," says Solomon. Perhaps this explains why so many depressives become writers—to record their endless introspection. The majority of great writers have been depressed or manic-depressive, according to evidence presented by psychiatrist Kay Jamison. But the Greeks anticipated this too. Aristotle wrote: "All of those who have attained excellence in poetry, in art, and in politics, even Socrates and Plato, had a melancholic habitus."

"On the happy day we lose depression, we will lose a great deal with it," writes Solomon. Life would be "flatter" if we muted the "brain's circuitry of suffering." Every day would be like a sunny stroll down the beach. "Welcome this pain," wrote Ovid, "and you will learn from it." Solomon feels his surprise visit from Hell has taught him a great deal about suffering, compassion, humility, and character. It even helped him discover his soul. All of which raises the question: Is it better to medicate our suffering or to work with it creatively, as artists and religious mystics do? Solomon would reject this dichotomy. His medication has not freed him from pain entirely, but it has given him the strength to get out of bed, so he can write down what he has learned from his study of suffering.

What can we learn from the 28 million Americans taking antidepressants? Modernity is making us sick, says Solomon. He likens recent changes in society—the breakdown of the family, the loss of religious faith, and increasing levels of stress and isolation—to an ecological disaster: They have stripped us of the "social ozone layer" that used to protect us. Undoubtedly, there are other causes as well. Our circuitry of suffering is sending us a message. Do we have ears to hear it? **NR**

THE LION TAMER AT 2:00 A.M.

The crowd is always on the lion's side
  Against the man with the whip.
They wish the spangled girl would slip
  From her spotlight on the trapeze
And fall like a meteor on the ringmaster.
  The inner eye turns glory to disaster.
Hard to survive this art, harder to please.

Always the danger there is not danger enough
  To kill, the spice the crowd prefers to love.
But do not call that preference cruelty
  Which is just human nature.
Great success leads all too soon to failure
  As men make nature bow unnaturally.
While I put old lions through their paces,

Fathers get bored, the children become restless,
  Hoping against hope I will be mauled,
For they have paid to see the risk, and want blood.
  The art they applaud side-steps violence,
And this is why they go home from the circus sad.
  How can I make a show with ten tame lions?
I'll need five rude savages to save the act.

—DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

Back to Bataan

VICTORINO MATUS

Ghost Soldiers: The Forgotten Epic Story of World War II's Most Dramatic Mission, by Hampton Sides (Doubleday, 342 pp., $24.95)

On January 28, 1945, 121 U.S. Army Rangers went behind enemy lines to raid Camp Cabanatuan, deep in the Philippine jungle. Their objective was to liberate the camp's 511 American prisoners—the last survivors of the Bataan Death March. But just as the Rangers were poised to begin their assault, they received an ominous report: A mere four miles from these 121 men were stationed more than 7,000 Japanese troops. And only one mile from the POW camp was a bivouac of 200 more enemy soldiers—the elite forces of the Dokuho 359 Imperial Battalion.

But there was no turning back: The Rangers had to succeed. The prisoners were the men Douglas MacArthur had left behind; for the past three years, they had been suffering unimaginable tortures. There were rumors that the Japanese had orders to wipe out all remaining camp inmates before the Americans arrived; the Rangers would have to be swift, and rely heavily on the element of surprise.

If the plan succeeded, it would go down as one of the most brilliant raids in U.S. military history. If not, the consequences would be disastrous: Even the smallest mistake could turn this prison break into a bloodbath. As it turned out, the raid was a tremendous success. War photographer Carl Mydans said in *Life* magazine: "It is now American history and every child of coming generations will know of the 6th Rangers, for a prouder story has not been written."

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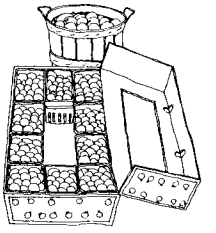
So why has no one ever heard of the raid at Camp Cabanatuan? The POWs did have their 15 minutes of fame, including a glorious entry under the Golden Gate bridge, welcomed by tens of thousands of well-wishers. But in the ensuing months came Iwo Jima, Okinawa, victory in Europe and then in the Pacific. The stunning raid on Cabanatuan was largely forgotten by history.

Hampton Sides hopes to change this with his powerful new retelling of the raid. Using prisoner diaries, U.S. and Japanese army records, other archived transcripts, and extensive interviews with survivors, he has crafted a book chock-full of dialogue, anecdotes, and meticulous detail. Aside from the thrilling attack itself, it's the prisoners' tales that are most gripping. The Japanese treated the vast majority of Americans and Filipinos ruthlessly (though Sides does point out a few instances of Japanese acts of kindness amid the cruelty). Most of the abuse would take place during the 75-mile forced march that became known as the Bataan Death March.

Sides is unrelenting in his graphic depictions of the atrocities: One guard "greedily eyed an officer's West Point ring . . . but because his hands were swollen with beriberi, the American was unable to slide it off his finger. . . . Becoming more and more frustrated, the guard tried to wrench it off himself. When that proved ineffectual, he finally took the American's hand and placed it against a tree. Then he brandished his sword and chopped off the whole finger to get at the coveted souvenir." Many others suffered far worse fates, including 350 members of the Philippine 91st Army who were "herded up, tied with telephone wire, and systematically beheaded by sword." All told, roughly 750 Americans and 5,000 Filipinos never completed the march.

But the barbarity didn't end there. At one POW facility, men were dying at a rate of 30 to 40 each day. (To put it in perspective: The number of American prisoners killed in German and Italian camps during the war was about 4 percent—but the number killed in Japanese camps was 27 percent.) In June 1942, the prisoners there were moved to Camp Cabanatuan—which became the largest American POW camp in the world. Though fewer prisoners were dying at the hands of the Japanese in Cabanatuan, malaria, diphtheria, and beriberi were running rampant. In June, more than 500 men died; in July, more than 700. Not until December did Cabanatuan celebrate its first "zero-death day."



Not all the accounts in *Ghost Soldiers* are macabre; in fact, humor turns out to be essential to the POWs' struggle to survive. In one case, prisoners nicknamed one of their Japanese captors Donald Duck. Finally he demanded, "Who is Do-noo Duck?" To which they replied, "He's a famous Hollywood movie star!" He then asked if Mr. Duck made lots of money. "Millions!" they said. "From now on, you address me as Do-noo Duck."

Sides has done us quite a favor in bringing to our attention physical and psychological hardships that have gone

Mr. Matus is an assistant managing editor of *The Weekly Standard*.

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unnoticed for over 50 years. And he has given us a glance at what happens to man when he is confronted with his own mortality and that of his companions. One survivor, Bert Bank, stated this with remarkable eloquence:

> I just prayed for myself, for my friends. Prayed for the strength to make it through this. I was not angry at God. Who was I to second-guess God? But I was theologically confused. Why had I been spared? Why had my friends died? They were good people. They loved their families. They were honest and true. You ask these sort of questions all the time, and you never get a satisfactory answer. God does strange things. But sometimes you can feel a presence. You can sense that this is all happening to teach us something about the nature of free will.

NR

LEGACY

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A Guy's Guy

TERRY TEACHOUT

The Mike Hammer Collection, 2 vols., by Mickey Spillane, Vol. 1: *I, the Jury, My Gun Is Quick, Vengeance Is Mine* (New American Library, 513 pp., $15), and Vol. 2: *One Lonely Night, The Big Kill, Kiss Me, Deadly* (517 pp., $15).

You remember Mickey Spillane, right? No? Not to worry—it's an age thing. If you were born before 1960, his name will definitely ring a bell. He wrote six of the biggest-selling detective novels of the 20th century, and Mike Hammer, their private-eye hero, was for a time all but synonymous with the genre. The books spawned two TV series and several movies of widely varying quality, among them Robert Aldrich's *Kiss Me, Deadly* (1955), now regarded as a film-noir classic, and *The Girl Hunters* (1963), a curiosity in which Spillane himself played Hammer (ineptly, alas, though it's a wonderfully wacky idea). In addition, the "Girl Hunt" ballet in the 1953 movie classic *The Band Wagon* is a Spillane send-up, with Fred Astaire as Hammer and Cyd Charisse as the leggy lady of mystery.

Back then, Spillane was considered the lowest of lowbrows, though he had some unlikely admirers, among them Kingsley Amis, who thought he was a better writer than Dashiell Hammett or Raymond Chandler, and Ayn Rand, who said he was her favorite novelist since Victor Hugo. (I'm not making this up—it's in her 1964 *Playboy* interview.) But most people who wrote about mysteries placed him several degrees beneath contempt. Chandler, not surprisingly, loathed Spillane, claiming that "pulp writing at its worst was never as bad as this." Julian Symons, writing in *Bloody Murder*, the standard history of the genre, described Mike Hammer in the sort of sniffy language only a wet British lefty could summon up, and left the unmistakable suggestion that anyone who dared to read Spillane was flirting with fascism: "The most nauseating, and clinically disquieting, thing about these books is that Mike Hammer is the hero."

And now? Well, it's not quite right to say Spillane is forgotten, but the truth is even worse: He's out of print. Though he continues to grind out an occasional novel, the early Hammer books, which sold some 130 million copies, have long been unavailable, even in paperback. At a time when American intellectuals are obsessed to the point of mania with pop culture, the most popular mystery writer of the postwar era has become an unperson, in spite of the fact that he is alive, well, and available for interviews. So it came as something of a surprise when I learned that the New American Library was bringing out *The Mike Hammer Collection*, a pair of omnibus volumes devoted to the first six Hammer novels.

The Mike Hammer series, launched in 1947 with *I, the Jury*, appears at first glance to share many of the major themes and preoccupations of postwar noir. Like countless other noir anti-heroes, Hammer is a World War II vet who comes home to find that the city of his youth (New York, not Los Angeles) has become a dangerous place, crime-ridden and corrupt. He, too, has changed, for the experience of combat has aroused in him a dark love of violence, which he uses in an attempt to restore order to the chaotic world around him: "I had gotten a taste of death and found it palatable to the extent that I could never again eat the fruits of a normal civilization. . . . I was evil. I was evil for the good."

Most noir characters are vigilantes of one sort or another—they have to be, since they are functioning in a radically corrupt society—so what was it that had put this one beyond the pale? Part of the problem was Spillane's blunt, inelegant prose style, which is unfailingly effective but in no obvious way "literary," just as his frame of reference is deliberately, even aggressively, anti-intellectual. Where Philip Marlowe drank gimlets and read Hemingway (or at least made well-informed fun of him in *Farewell, My*

Mr. Teachout, the music critic of *Commentary* and a contributor to *Time* magazine, is finishing *H. L. Mencken: A Life.*

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Lovely), Mike Hammer drinks beer and doesn't read anything at all. He is a regular guy who happens to pack a rod. Perhaps the most emblematic moment in Spillane's oeuvre comes at the end of *I, the Jury*, when it emerges that Charlotte Manning, the dishy lady psychiatrist with whom Hammer has inexplicably fallen in love, murdered Jack Williams, his wartime buddy. Once he makes this discovery, Hammer pumps a .45 slug into the general vicinity of Charlotte's navel, setting up the last three lines of the book:

> "How c-could you?" she gasped.
> I only had a moment before talking to a corpse, but I got it in.
> "It was easy," I said.

Charlotte is a cold-blooded killer, but she is also an *intellectual*, and Mike has made the near-fatal mistake of falling for her. Of course she must die, like virtually all the other women to whom Hammer is attracted (including Juno, the gorgeous villainess of *Vengeance Is Mine*, who turns out to be a male transvestite—another weirdly quintessential Spillane moment, suggesting that there is more to Mike Hammer than meets the eye).

Not only was Spillane an anti-intellectual, he was, God forbid, an anti-Communist. At the height of the McCarthy era he published *One Lonely Night* (1951), in which Hammer cheerfully announced that "I had one good, efficient, enjoyable way of getting rid of cancerous Commies. I killed them." In place of the constantly shifting moral landscape of noir fiction, where original sin is on the rampage and no one is truly innocent, Spillane opted instead for the highest possible contrast between the good guys and the bad guys:

> I killed more people tonight than I have fingers on my hands. I shot them in cold blood and enjoyed every minute of it. I pumped slugs in the nastiest bastards you ever saw . . . They were Commies, Lee. They were Red sons-of-bitches who should have died long ago, and part of the gang who are going to be dying in the very near future unless they get smart and take the gas pipe.

This stark us-or-them clarity is what sets Spillane apart from most of his fellow noirists, and it is the main reason why his books were so passionately disliked by the tastemakers of his day. (Daniel Bell once described the members of the John Birch Society as "Mickey Spillane men.") It also explains why he has not been taken up by latter-day highbrow admirers of what H. L. Mencken called "homicidal fiction." It is significant—indeed, it speaks volumes—that he was omitted

■

Mickey Spillane's anti-Communist books were passionately disliked by the era's tastemakers.

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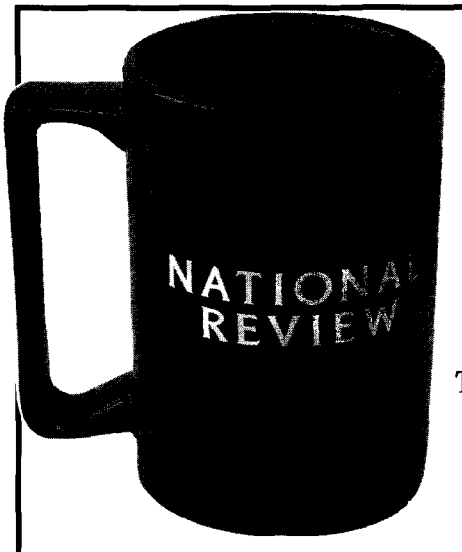
from the Library of America's *Crime Novels: American Noir of the 1950s*, even though space was found for Jim Thompson, a now-fashionable pulp novelist who actually has quite a bit in common with Spillane. Thompson, however, was disillusioned in the right way: In his books, the whole world is rotten. Not so Spillane. "He does not present a nasty gray mixture of indistinguishable scoundrels on both sides," said Ayn Rand. "He presents an uncompromising conflict." Needless to say, that was what Rand *liked* about him, and there weren't a whole lot of other people who did—except, of course, for the hundreds of millions of satisfied readers who bought his books.

Where did they all go? Spillane was writing for a generation of fellow veterans who spent their off-duty hours thumbing through paperbacks: thrillers, westerns, even the odd classic. They were accustomed to taking pleasure in the printed word. Their grandsons go to the movies or watch TV. Novels, even mysteries, are overwhelmingly read by—and written for—women. This is not to say that nobody's writing regular-guy books anymore: They're just not being read by regular guys. A no-nonsense crime novelist like Elmore Leonard is far more likely to appeal to eggheads like me than the working stiffs about whom he writes; I've never seen anybody reading a Leonard novel on the subway, whereas Spillane's books were actually read and



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enjoyed by men who weren't all that different from Mike Hammer. He may well have been the last American novelist of whom such a thing could be said.

Will Mickey Spillane ever be revived, now that real men have forgotten how to read and the Evil Empire has gone the way of the snap-brim hat? I doubt it, though I'm pleased to see that the New American Library is trying. While I don't want to claim more for him than he deserves (that way lies relativism, madness, and cultural studies), I find his early novels hugely entertaining in their meat-and-potatoes way. They go like lightning, they keep you guessing, and they don't pretend to be anything other than ripping yarns. I like a writer who has the nerve to start off a book like this: "The guy was dead as hell." I also like books where the bad guys—especially the Commies—all end up dead as hell. I like noir, too, but it's worth being reminded from time to time that gray isn't the only color in the world. **NR**

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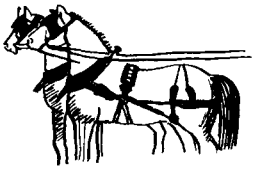
Faith No More?

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

Religion Explained: The Evolutionary Origins of Religious Thought, by Pascal Boyer (Basic, 375 pp., $27.50)

YOUR college professors probably told you that belief in God is little more than a useful fantasy: It meets the need some people have for a simple explanation of life's mysteries, and offers others a comfort against the fear of death. But as Pascal Boyer—a professor at Washington University in St. Louis—points out, there are problems with this conventional view. To begin with, religious explanations often are more complicated than the problems they claim to solve; furthermore, many religions give a rather scary picture of what comes after death. In this book, Boyer is at his clearest and best when debunking the efforts of these less sophisticated debunkers.

But he too wants to debunk religious faith, albeit in a somewhat fresher way. According to Boyer, evolutionary psychologists and cultural anthropologists like himself have figured out scientifically where religion comes from. They have, in his words, reduced religion to "just another set of difficult but manageable problems." (This is known in the vernacular as "chutzpah.")



Boyer says that evolution has fitted human beings with the ability to experience certain illusions we call "supernatural." These illusions are similar to a computer parasite: A worm like the recent Code Red can attack a PC running Windows 2000, but not one that hasn't yet been updated from Windows 95 or 98, or one that runs a different operating system altogether, such as a Mac. Only a very specific operating system can support the parasite. So, too, with religion: The process of evolution has constructed the human animal in such a way that, like parasites, religious concepts or "memes" find an agreeable place in the brain's "cognitive architecture." If that architecture were different, religion-as-virus would have nowhere to latch on.

Mr. Klinghoffer, the editorial director of *Toward Tradition*, is writing a biography of the patriarch Abraham.

The brain is constantly running a variety of "inference systems." Aspects of culture are retained through the evolutionary process if they are "rich in inferences." Between 100,000 and 50,000 years ago, religion came along—with its specific characteristics, including gods, rituals, and a fixation on dead bodies, followed by doctrines, exclusivity, and sectarian violence. Because it was "rich in inferences," religion spread among human beings the world over. According to this view, one of the key aspects of morality—which existed before religion—is "strategic information": You can know whether a thing is right or wrong only if you have all the information about the context in which the act is being carried out. Gods make sense to us because they possess full access to strategic information, and are therefore likely to know what's right or wrong. Thus the idea of "gods" latched parasitically onto the preexisting structure of moral intuitions.

All of this sounds vaguely plausible, but Boyer's talk of "religion" is suspiciously generic. Many of us would say there is a world of difference between the beliefs of modern pagan peoples such as the Kwaio of the Solomon Islands and the Fang of Cameroon, which get heavy play in this book, and the three Abrahamic monotheistic traditions, which do not. Though Boyer knows a great deal about primitive faiths, his acquaintance with Judaism, Christianity, and Islam seems less assured. For instance, the reader is brought up short when at one point Boyer refers to "religious codes like the Christian Commandments." The what? Possibly he means the Ten Commandments.

But let's grant Boyer the questions he begs. Let's say that all religions are somehow the same, and that the evolution he describes really happened

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through the play of chance, as opposed to being guided by a force determined that man be open to religious belief. One problem with his thesis is that if the supernatural is all an illusion, as he assumes, then the "inferences" that are drawn from religion, however "rich," should also without exception be false. He stresses how "practical" a matter religion is, how it is not fundamentally about abstract theology but about dealing in real terms with supernatural entities like gods and ancestors. But such a practical endeavor that produced only false inferences should never have been embraced at all.

■

If the supernatural is all an illusion, then the inferences drawn from religion should all be false.

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Another problem is that what's most precious in religious faith goes beyond "inferences." I don't know any Kwaio or Fang persons, but I know plenty of Jews and Christians. What many of them cherish above all in their spiritual life is the feeling of a relationship with God, a presence that's always around, shaping their daily lives in palpable ways. Boyer says that our evolutionary history, with its theme of human beings at the mercy of predators, has made our minds ultrasensitive to lurking unseen "agents." If that's true, God's illusory presence should be felt entirely as a threatening chill.

What, then, are we to make of the experience—shared by so many people—of a very different kind of presence? This summer, when the Code Red worm was infesting mainframes and Pascal Boyer was solving the "manageable problem" of religion, I was reading Herman Wouk's terrific World War II novel *The Winds of War*. The book's hero is Victor "Pug" Henry, a naval officer who one night finds himself on the deck of a battleship steaming across the North Atlantic.

> The broad dark ocean, the streaming pure air, the crowded stars arching overhead, always made him feel what

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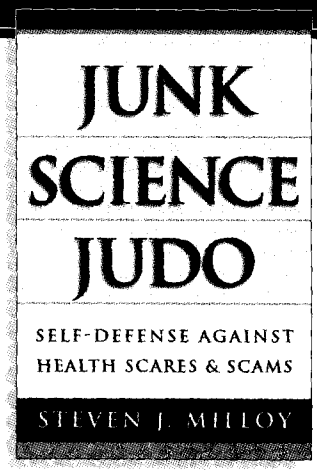

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the Bible called the spirit of God hovering on the face of the waters. Down the years even more than his childhood Bible training, this religious awe inspired by night at sea had kept Captain Henry a believer. He spoke of this to nobody, not to ministers who were his old friends; he would have felt embarrassed and mawkish, for he was not sure how seriously even they took the Lord. On this voyage, the Almighty was there for Victor Henry as always in the black starry universe, a presence actual and lovable, if disturbingly unpredictable.

Boyer suggests that such feelings may result from a "microseizure" in the brain, a neurological glitch that has been scientifically measured and associated with mystic or "spiritual" experiences.

Between debunkers like Boyer and believers like Victor Henry, it's hard to imagine a possible mediation or resolution. Each can easily dismiss the other's convictions: Boyer can tell us that Pug is just experiencing a microseizure, or the happy sensation of a set of inference systems on full fire; somebody like Pug might speculate that debunkers have their own unconscious motivations (to undermine religious faith, after all, is to set oneself free of its many inconvenient strictures). Modern folk who don't fall into either of these opposing camps, who find it hard to choose between the debunkers and the believers, might try reading Boyer's book alongside Wouk's brief but powerful evocation of one man's faith.

Looked at this way, between the majestic accessibility and plain reality of Pug Henry's God, and the professorial noodlings of Pascal Boyer's inference systems, the choice seems clear enough. **NR**

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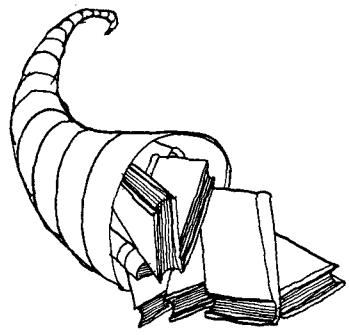
Little Reds Book

PETER COLEMAN

Communism: A Brief History, by Richard Pipes (Modern Library, 176 pp., $19.95)

A SKEPTICAL generation is convinced that the Cold War was nothing more than a traditional power struggle, and that the West's pretensions in calling itself "the free world" lost all credibility when it accepted the support of reactionary "McCarthyites" and religious "authoritarians" in the fight against Communism. How is a historian to restore a proper understanding of the moral importance of the Cold War? Richard Pipes, the Harvard professor who served as a national-security aide to President Reagan, has settled on one answer in his new book: He ignores the role of the churches in the fall of Communism, and does not mention American anti-Communists except in throwaway lines, e.g., "there was never the slightest danger of a Communist takeover of the United States."



This approach imposes enormous handicaps. How does one treat the fall of Communism without mentioning Ronald Reagan or John Paul II, Sidney Hook or Whittaker Chambers?

But it also frees Pipes, in a very short book, to concentrate on what really interests him in the big picture—Stalinism, the Comintern, and the Third World. His theme is always the political, economic, and moral devastation that Communism inflicted on the world wherever it emerged, from China to Peru—and its ultimate failure.

Inevitably, half the book is about Russia (and its East European clones). It would be hard to find a better sketch of the rise and fall of Bolshevism. Pipes begins with the revolutionary formation of Lenin ("who arguably had a greater impact on twentieth-century politics than any other public figure"), tracing his passage from embittered terrorist to commander of a paramilitary party, funded at first by bank robberies and later by the German Embassy.

Lenin presided over civil war, the destruction of the economy, a famine that claimed over 5 million lives, and a massive state terror. If, when he died in 1924, he was, as Pipes claims, "haunted by a sense of failure," this nightmare never troubled his faithful disciple Stalin, who established a vast privileged and servile nomenklatura, re-enserfed the peasants, conducted purges that in ferocity and number of victims had no parallel in history, and inflicted on the Russian people what Alec Nove, a specialist on the Soviet economy, called "the most precipitous decline in living standards" ever recorded.

Nikita Khrushchev's revelations in his "secret speech" of 1956 began the delegitimization of Communism. But it was a slow process prolonged by flourishing corruption. By the mid 1980s the Soviet elite had lost faith, as it saw the rest of the world surpassing it by every test except expenditure on the military (and on alcohol). In the end the USSR collapsed almost as easily as the czarist empire.

But, as Pipes reminds us, no one responsible for the Soviet crimes against innocent people has been brought to trial, or even exposed to serious moral opprobrium. Instead of facing justice, the elite was allowed to pounce

Mr. Coleman, who for 20 years was editor of the Australian monthly *Quadrant*, is the author of *The Liberal Conspiracy: The Congress for Cultural Freedom and the Struggle for the Mind of Postwar Europe.*

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on the country's assets in the guise of "privatization."

Other chapters deal with Maoism (30 million dead in the Great Leap Forward, and a whole generation eviscerated in the Cultural Revolution); the Khmer Rouge (2 million Cambodians—25 percent of the population—exterminated, but no demonstrations of protest in the streets of the West and no resolutions at the United Nations); Ethiopia (1 million dead in its Marxist famine); and Cuba (now a popular stop for sex-vacationers).

Pipes also fills out the story of Chile, of liberal Eurocommunism ("a flash in the pan"), and of the sundry terrorist movements spawned and financed by Communism—Italy's Red Brigades, the Japanese Red Army, the Peruvian Shining Path, and the drug-trafficking Army of National Liberation of Colombia.

■

Pipes's conclusion is: Close thy Orwell, open thy Muggeridge.

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Each episode ends with the defeat of the Communists. Pipes's postmortem is that Communism was far more than an assault on private property and nationality: It was an attack on human nature. To the Communist political and moral engineer, man's nature is changeable, so that in the end even George Orwell's hero loves Big Brother. Pipes sides with Malcolm Muggeridge in finding that the most encouraging thing of all about the Soviet regime was its failure: If it had succeeded, we would know that there are no limits to the extent to which human beings can be terrorized and enslaved.

His conclusion is: Close thy Orwell, open thy Muggeridge. But have we yet absorbed this lesson? As Whittaker Chambers foresaw, Communism may be defeated, yet leave behind it a West that continues to share its materialist vision of man emancipated from God. The great humanist heresy persists: Ye shall be as gods. Pipes's brilliant opuscule has not rung the death knell of this alternative faith, but it is a good start. **NR**

Mob Rule

S.T. KARNICK

Fighting the Mafia and Renewing Sicilian Culture, by Leoluca Orlando (Encounter, 222 pp., $25.95)

IN May 1992, the heavily armored motorcade of Giovanni Falcone, a courageous prosecutor who had helped push the Sicilian Mafia to the verge of destruction, was hit by 300 kilograms of explosives. The bombs blew an enormous crater in the road, killing Falcone, his wife, and three of his bodyguards.

A decade earlier, the machine-gun murder of Gen. Carlo Dalla Chiesa, the Italian hero who had defeated the Red Brigades and was strenuously pursuing the Mafia, had stunned Palermo into despair. An anonymous citizen summarized the feeling in a sign on a wall near the attack site: "Here dies the hope of honest Palermo citizens." After Falcone's murder, however, the reaction was quite different. As the city's then-mayor, Leoluca Orlando, recalls in his passionate and enthralling new memoir, the people of Palermo hung bedsheets outside their windows "with slogans painted on in red, as if with Falcone's blood: 'Down with the Mafia!' 'Truth and Justice!' 'Falcone lives!'" On a tree near the assassination site, someone pinned a sign saying, "Today begins a dawn that will see no sunset."

The book's title aptly summarizes what had happened in the intervening years to turn despair into hope. As mayor, Orlando fought the Mafia not only through law-enforcement methods but by restoring the very institutions of civil society—the private, voluntary organizations and relationships that create a culture—that the Mafia had destroyed during its rise to power. The Sicilian Cosa Nostra, Orlando notes, "was always more intrinsic to the structure of society than its American cousins." During the 19th century, the Mafia even "took on the functions of the

Mr. Karnick is editor in chief of *American Outlook* magazine, published by the Hudson Institute.

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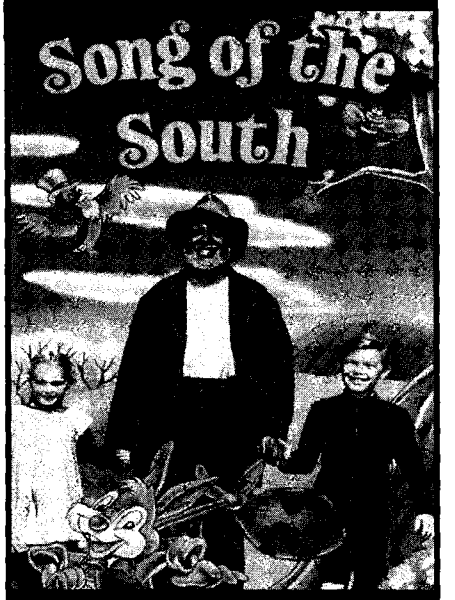

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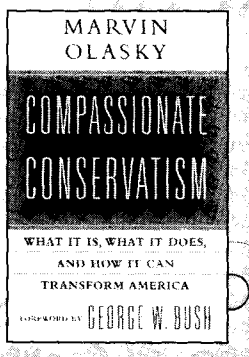
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state: collecting taxes, providing a hierarchy of leadership, and raising little armies to enforce its 'laws.'"

Orlando's administration undertook the monumental task of redefining this reality as criminal. Previously, only Mussolini had succeeded in stopping the Mafia, by slamming an iron fist on the organization's low-level foot soldiers. In 1927, there were 278 murders in Sicily; in 1928, there were only 26. After World War II, however, the Mafia returned. The annual murder rate eventually rose into the hundreds. The Mafia took over the island's ruling party, the Christian Democrats, and, with Mafiosi as mayor and commissioner for public works in the early 1960s, established the city's infamous "Town Plan," which rapidly devolved into what Orlando calls the Sack of Palermo.

■

The Mafia's hold over Sicily was finally broken.

■

"Development," Orlando writes, "was forced into . . . areas invariably owned by 'friends of the friends,' which immediately skyrocketed in value." The city's poor were herded into boxy cement dormitories, often receiving no water, gas, or electricity—sometimes not just for days, but for years. The Mafia's construction-business front organizations made astronomical profits. The downtown area rotted from neglect. The Mafia even took over Palermo's educational system, says Orlando, "not only because it knew that maintaining ignorance among the people was the key to its power, but also because there was money to be made" by renting space to the government for the city's schools.

Orlando entered politics in 1976 as legal adviser to Christian Democratic reformer Piersanti Mattarella, who became president of the Sicilian Region two years later. The two men set out to break the Mafia's hold on the island, transferring budget authority from the corrupt regional government back to the cities and passing a law enforcing the same building standards used in the rest of Italy, thereby making the Mafia's building schemes illegal. At this time, however, the Mafia was becoming even more lethal. Massive profits from rapidly rising sales of illegal drugs brought out an increasingly cruel and openly lawless Mafia leadership. The Mafia fought back against the reformers—killing a police inspector, a deputy police chief, a judge, a police captain, two chief prosecutors, and hundreds of others both within and outside the crime organization. In 1980, Mattarella himself was gunned down by the Mafia. Orlando was despondent, but when the fallen president's brother and other associates urged him to run for the Palermo municipal council, he ran successfully, and was elected mayor by the town council in 1985. Thereafter, he too was in constant danger of assassination.

In 1984, however, the Sicilian government had finally begun a coordinated law-enforcement effort against the Mob, which soon bore fruit when Tommaso Buscetta, a Mafioso with powerful connections on both sides of the Atlantic, turned informant. Based on Buscetta's information, the government served a 42-volume indictment against 476 Mafia defendant. In 1987 the verdict came in: convictions for all the defendants except a few low-level operators, and a total of 2,665 years of prison and nearly $10 million in fines, with the 19 most important bosses receiving life sentences.

Even so, the murders continued. Previous attacks on the Mafia had always provoked worse bloodshed in response, and the resulting fear and silence invariably left the crime syndicate free to operate. To break this cycle, Orlando had begun a project of renewing the city's civil society. He established that the city government would treat every citizen equally and grant no special favors—a radical change. He removed the Mafia from the schools and instituted measures to build community spirit among the students. He began restoration work on public spaces and long-neglected public buildings and monuments. And he helped reform the media, by refusing to talk with the city's only newspaper because of its even-handed, and therefore collusive, treatment of the Mafia. It was these measures that created the climate in which the public could—and did—rebel against the Mafia. After the murders of Falcone and a fellow prosecutor, the military was called in, and the Mafia's hold over Sicily was finally broken.

This story holds some clear lessons for America. The Mafia took advantage of Sicily's lack of mediating institutions and rule of law, and aggravated the problem for personal gain. In the U.S., we have our own symptoms of a similar disease: our poor education system, for example, and the public distrust of government. The result is a host of social pathologies—ones law enforcement cannot solve.

Policemen cannot do more than impose a superficial order on society. The key to fostering a genuine order, as Orlando makes clear, is to renew civil society: "The law court is only one front in the campaign against violence and lawlessness. The other is culture." After Orlando's reforms, there were just eleven murders in Palermo in 1999, and none was Mafia-related. As Orlando's experiences demonstrate, renewing civil society is the job the U.S. must undertake—if we want to follow Sicily on the path to social renewal. **NR**

■ SHELF LIFE ■

FRANK FURNESS (1839-1912) might be called the grandfather of modern American architecture: He taught Louis Sullivan, who in turn taught Frank Lloyd Wright. In *Frank Furness: Architecture and the Violent Mind* (Norton, 273 pp., $45), Michael J. Lewis has written a biography of this irascible character he calls "the architect of the most original buildings in Victorian America." Furness's buildings were dismissed as "grotesque and vulgar" in his time, and Lewis—an art historian and contributor to *Commentary* and *The New Criterion*—admits that the charge is just; but the buidings exhibit a boldness that still merits attention. In his design for the University of Pennsylvania library (1888-90), he based the main reading room on the Gothic choir; the result, Lewis says, "has been called a collision between a cathedral and a train station—and this is not far off the mark." Lewis describes Furness's work as a poignant attempt to combine the Romantics' respect for the past with a sincere love of the Machine Age; this handsome volume is an important contribution to the history of American art.

—MICHAEL POTEMRA

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Hollings vs. Thurmond

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31

STROM THURMOND played an obtrusive role in my life. At age 17, waiting at home to be drafted into the army, I used to go with senior members to the Sarsfield Club. I didn't drink yet, but those who did partied there, listening to music, dancing a bit, with maybe a three-piece band on Saturday. Bang! "STROM THURMOND ORDERS BOTTLE CLUBS CLOSED / Newly Elected Governor Upholds State Tradition on Prohibition." A month later, the Sarsfield Club closed down—they couldn't make it on my Coke-drinking.

Then, just months later, there was what he did to the Carolina Cup, the great steeplechase event in Camden. Beginning at age 13, I fondled annually the bookie ports, comparing odds on this horse or the other, parceling out my $2 bets with solemn deliberation, a thousand bettors crowding about a corner of the legendary course, spicing up the race and life in general. Bang! "THURMOND VOIDS BOOKIES / 'There'll Be No Gambling in South Carolina,' Governor Rules."

All that stuff was about the time of Pearl Harbor, or shortly after. A few years later, Gov. Thurmond led a third-party mutiny against President Truman, offering himself as a states'-rights candidate for president. At the inauguration of the victorious Truman, when the celebrities filed by to congratulate the winner, the president declined to accept Thurmond's hand.

He appeared to be about as lost a cause as causes can get, there being by now no corner of South Carolina where you can't get booze, or bet on anything. And the states'-rights movement is pretty much dead, certainly so as a movement touching in any way on civil rights. But Thurmond? Why, he became a Republican, won the Senate seat, and re-won it, with heavy backing from black voters, and kept on doing that right to the current moment, outdistancing the record of any politician in Senate history. He vowed, when last he ran in 1996, to stay on through a full term, intending to retire in January 2003, sometime after his 100th birthday.

And now Fritz Hollings steps in and spoils it all. Strom Thurmond is no longer "mentally keen" and stays in the Senate because he "doesn't have any place to go." Sen. Hollings seemed to be relishing his interview with the *Greenville News*. He went on to say that Sen. Thurmond was "alert, he's awake and they get him to votes and lead him around . . . It's sad because the poor fellow doesn't have any place to go, if you think on it. He doesn't have a home and someone has said the best nursing home is the U.S. Senate."

The Twenty-fifth Amendment provides for immobilized presidents, ordaining that if the vice president and a majority of executive department heads declare a president unable to discharge the powers and duties of his office, the vice president will assume the presidential duties. There is no equivalent provision in South Carolina for recalling an incapacitated senator, but if anybody in the legislature in Columbia sits down to consider the formulation of an appropriate act, attention might be given to how to respond to senators who say unpleasant and morbid things about their elderly colleagues. Perhaps it should be unconstitutional to say anything derogatory about anybody over 100, except Bertrand Russell.

Chance had it that many years ago I found myself in Wichita, Kansas, at the first of ten annual meetings of trustees charged to allocate money from a deceased philanthropist who wanted to have a little posthumous effect on the anti-socialist cause. The named trustees included Sen. Barry Goldwater, Sen. John Tower, Edgar Eisenhower, J. Edgar Hoover, and Sen. Frank Lausche. At the initial meeting, we voted in as chairman, Strom Thurmond. Accepting his appointment, he opened the meeting with a prayer. And at the party that night, he accepted a (single) glass of wine. If I had said to him, "Strom, I'm taking odds that you will live to be one hundred years old," he might have said no betting was allowed, but I could have told him we were in Kansas, not South Carolina, and offered the odds; nobody would have bet, and Strom Thurmond was too much the gentleman to have spoiled Fritz Hollings's act 34 years later.

"Fetch, speak, sit, roll over . . . What about my *needs?"*

Mare's-Nest in Durban

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4

THE tangle in Durban reflects the centripetalization of problems and sorrows and dilemmas in faraway places when the U.N. comes to town.

The problem of U.S. involvement.

—In 1973, I was a delegate to the United Nations and wrote a book about my experiences there, remarking that the General Assembly had developed into the most concentrated font of anti-Semitism in the world.

—In 1975, the U.S. ambassador to the U.N. defied the vote equating Zionism with racism by large histrionic gestures, but the vote carried, and wasn't diluted until years later; now it's up for reissuance.

—In 1977, philosopher/strategist James Burnham, writing in *National Review*, proposed that President Carter instruct his delegate to the United Nations to suspend voting on any motion by the General Assembly. The American representative, Burnham counseled, should continue to argue in the Assembly, to cajole, to wage diplomacy, to exhort. Just don't vote. Why? Because if you do vote, you become a constituent part of the plebiscitary mechanism. If the vote, Zionism equals racism, is passed 99 to 1, the lone dissenter has vested a greater authority in the vote than if it passed 99 to 0, the dissenter declining to participate in the vote. The administration's decision not to send the secretary of state to Durban was an attempt precisely to diminish the parliamentary leverage of the impending negative vote. The ensuing decision, to

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withdraw even our second-level representatives, reaffirmed that withdrawal from the scene, but only after clumsy footwork.

—The Israelis may not be vulnerable to the charge of racism, but are certainly vulnerable to the charge of apartheid. The aggressive maintenance of their settlements in the West Bank, which are the cause of suppurating collisions with the Palestinian world, such as it is, day after day, cannot be defended. They are arrant ventures in a kind of Israeli irredentism that fractures arrangements and accommodations, after wars and diplomacy, dating back to 1948. The United States is better off not voting on the apartheid issue, reserving its strength and prestige for renewed efforts aimed at settlement.

—In an ideal world, differences in race or ethnic background would nowhere be remarked. Such differences are less now than when the U.N. was founded, but progress is slowed when surrealistic claims are asserted. The idea that the United States, 2001, should affirm its attachment to racial equality by "compensating" blacks for slavery that ended 150 years ago is will-o'-the-wisp stuff: Ideological candy, it could be dismissed as, but this candy is spiked.

—Now there is a sense in which this suits the purposes of an administration that signified its attitude toward what impended at Durban by announcing that General Powell would not go there. If this was to be a conference of nations committed to declaring that there was no difference between Zionism and racism, let their irresponsibility be dramatized even further by providing hospitality to people declaring that the United States has to compensate for great-great-grandparents who bought slaves, leaving moot who is supposed to compensate for the sins of those who sold the slaves.

The Cold War is over, and for that reason the U.N. poses less of a threat than it once did. But we are a member of a Security Council, in which the People's Republic of China exercises veto power over major enterprises. The fiasco in Durban reminds us, or should remind us, that the administration should give something more than merely ad hoc to the matter of our dealings with the United Nations.

A major contribution to this would be to adopt the Burnham reform: i.e, we will do everything to help the U.N., participating fully in its parliamentary life; but will decline to cast votes. Or be bound by them.

The Grief of Senator Daschle

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7

SENATOR TOM DASCHLE, looking as if he were struggling to avert his gaze from the sack of Rome, tells us on television two or three times every day that he cannot stand the mere thought of it, that Candidate Bush would say one thing about Social Security and the fiscal surplus and contemplate, now, something else. The thought of a politician contradicting word by deed is too much for him to bear. "Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind, / And makes it fearful and degenerate; / Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep," Queen Margaret counseled in *King Henry VI*.

It was a mistake for George W. to say, in the summer campaign, that under no circumstances would he derail surplus revenues from the Social Security fund. He should not have said it for the simple reason that the resolution rested on assumptions that could not safely be banked on. President Bush noticed this belatedly when, a few weeks ago, he said that of course any pledge to sequester surpluses could not be held inviolate if there were war or depression. Some might call that a hedge, others, common sense. But the situation that causes Tom Daschle to weep is other than war or depression.

And it calls for a direct examination of the anatomy of Social Security and federal spending, done with strenuous effort to refrain from the use of numbers.

1) Social Security, in its present scale, is in danger because federal income from Social Security taxes is not projected to match Social Security commitments.

The reason for this has nothing whatever to do with the budget. The problem arises from the number of Americans who are paying Social Security taxes and the number of people drawing Social Security benefits. When the program began, the ratio was approximately 40 to one. That meant that 40 people were paying into Social Security while one was drawing from it. That ratio contracts as more people reach Social Security age and then live longer, while relatively fewer people work.

2) The situation, then, calls for reform. This can only take one of several painful roads. The first is to revise the Social Security log-on schedule to adjust for longevity. Since 1935, when the Act took hold, Americans have been graced to live eight years longer, and counting, than they then did. It would make sense to postpone qualification for Social Security to age 70, if the same criteria were advanced as in 1935. Alternatively, Social Security payments could be reduced. Alternatively, higher Social Security taxes could be exacted.

3) The idea of segregated funds is conceptually appealing, but unrelated to real life. When Candidate Bush said that he wouldn't derail current Social Security surpluses (brought on by the great Social Security tax of 1981), what he meant was that continuing surpluses on the scale projected in the summer of 2000 translated to reduced national debt. The delusion was encouraged that debt reduction was the equivalent of sticking gold bars into a repository, to rest there until the Social Security program drew down to negative figures. But of course that was, and is, mere paperwork—government-to-government IOU's are like Valentine cards that lonely girls send to themselves.

4) What Daschle is trying to draw attention to is, of course, the tax cut. If you reduce taxes, you reduce revenues. That sounds obvious, though it is less than that, because a dollar untaxed is at liberty to generate wealth and greater federal revenues, even at a lower tax rate. The Daschle/Gephardt position becomes that the Bush tax reduction is requiring a corresponding diminution in the reduction of the national debt and therefore jeopardizing federal commitments to Social Security in the year 2038.

The administration is pleading extenuating circumstances, namely less zing in the economy (which means reduced revenues from taxes), and increased burdens of government (which means more spending). Some of these burdens are welfare bloat and pork; others are security-oriented (the antimissile program and Pentagon spending).

Mr. Bush could call Daschle's bluff by saying: Go ahead, undo the tax-reform act, I promise not to veto it. Let's try the politics of that solution. To those Americans who plan to retire in 2038 at age 62, he could counsel that they put off doing so—or else breed more children to pay into Social Security.

And, of course, he can always say that future Social Security deficits can be paid by borrowing, which is how we managed 38 budget deficits under Democratic Congresses in the past 44 years.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

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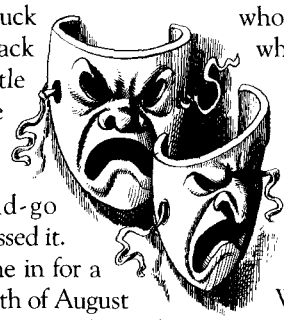
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

No day goes by that I am not reminded of the achy-breaky emptiness of my life as a childless spinster. My sources are the endless stream of how-America-lives coverage on TV and the Family Section that no newspaper would dare go to print without. Both outlets regularly run features about mothers who get less sleep at night than I get in my afternoon nap, and who worry constantly about child car seats that eject little passengers, swimming-pool drains that suck out little guts, Cracker Jack prizes that get stuck in little windpipes, pierced teenage tongues that develop infections, exposed teenage navels flashing stop-and-go lights—you name it, I've missed it.



This year, however, I came in for a surprise. For the whole month of August we were bombarded with features about what I always considered a routine errand, but which has now been bumped up to a crisis: shopping for school supplies.

Yes, you heard me right, but your mental picture is all wrong. It's no longer a matter of stopping by Woolworth's for a pack of notebook paper and a few pencils. There is no Woolworth's now, and since "stopping by" Office Depot or Staples is physically impossible, the typical feature showed a shell-shocked woman pushing a supersized shopping cart down an endless glittering aisle arrayed with a city block's worth of paper clips.

It was a Bataan Death March movie, with the grinning Japs played by children poking and prodding their captive parents through the blister-pack jungle to fill the cart with items they cannot be educated without: daily planners, organizers, calculators, spell checkers, electronic dictionaries, electronic translators, electronic pencil sharpeners, sequin-dappled gel pens, backpacks in every color, theme binders to match the backpacks, index cards to match the theme binders, rulers to match the index cards, and *scented* highlighters.

When you alert Americans to their latest problem you must bring in experts to back you up. The usual bevy of earnest child psychologists and family-relations gurus held forth on how backpacks engender a sense of belonging, what to do when color-coordinating turns compulsive, and how peer pressure "impacts" loose-leaf notebooks (three holes for nerds, two for the in crowd). On the practical side, consumer-affairs mavens offered ten tips on how to make a no-nonsense shopping list and, for mothers who weaken, how to cope with what one maven actually called "sticker shock."

What in the name of Good King Herod is going on? There is more to this than the familiar marketing strategy of creating demand for products that people don't really need. What struck me as I followed these stories was the sense of almost giddy pleasure tinged with relief that came through the comments of experts and parents alike, as if the spectacle of children lusting after notebooks and pens proved something they desperately needed to believe.

It does. Like the doctor's bag and the carpenter's tool belt, school supplies are the outward, visible sign of a purposeful life. The shield hanging over the medieval guildsman's workshop that identified his area of expertise survives today as the backpack hanging over a slouched adolescent shoulder. American parents are only too happy to risk exhaustion and bankruptcy to stuff it with designer composition books and talking thesauruses because they can then tell themselves that if kitting their children out is this much trouble, they must really be scholars.

Self-delusion pervades every aspect of American education. The humble "diploma" is no more; now it's called a "high-school degree," and what used to be the schoolground has been promoted to "campus." The time-honored symbolism of the cap and gown, initially travestied when high-school graduations appropriated it, has been rendered meaningless now that elementary schools increasingly are making it the attire of choice for graduates of the sixth grade. The watchword here is the fancier the better: fire-engine red or kelly green satin gowns and gilt-tasseled mortarboards for little phartlings who can barely read. Stand by for the beneficiaries of social promotion to start wearing master's hoods.

We kid ourselves in these ways to avoid facing an unpalatable truth: Americans love education but hate learning. If you doubt it, parse our revealing catch phrase about the need to "make learning fun." The obvious retort—"Dammit, it already is fun!"—is fatal because it requires you to draw a distinction between education and learning, and once you do that, you threaten everybody, because hatred of learning is our only remaining source of national unity. We can't very well pearl-harbor it with the old bromide, "It brought us together," but in fact it has: The egalitarian Left scorns learning as "irrelevant," while the philistine Right chortles, "It won't help you make a living." Actually, it makes life worth living, but if you dare say so, both sides will call you an elitist.

I have tilted at each of these windmills. In 1970, having made some real money for the first time in my life, I decided to go back to college and perfect my French as I wanted to do in my girlhood. I didn't want a degree—I already had one—I didn't want credits; I just wanted the intellectual pleasure. I contacted a department head at a New England college, but I couldn't make her understand. She kept talking about degree requirements and teaching jobs, and I kept talking about my intellectual pleasure, but the phrase meant nothing to her. We were talking past each other. It depressed me so much that I shelved my project.

The anti-intellectual Left may depress me, but family quarrels being the fiercest, it takes the anti-intellectual Right to infuriate me. My particular bêtes noires are the moronic oxen known as "populist conservatives," who turn hostile if you even let it be known that you enjoy public television. Opera and Britcoms set them off the most, prompting their favorite putdown, "The world's richest man is a Harvard dropout."

Farmer in the Dell, anyone? I get to be the Cheese Stands Alone. **NR**

Miss King can be reached at P.O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, Va. 22404.

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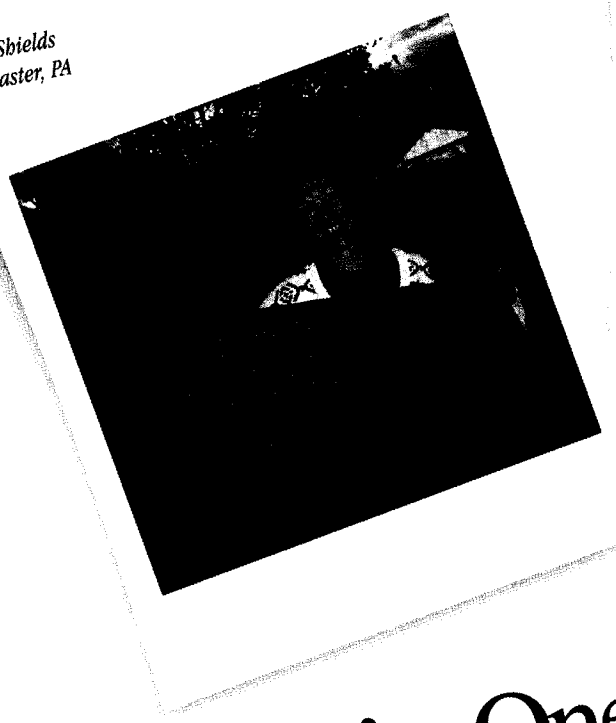

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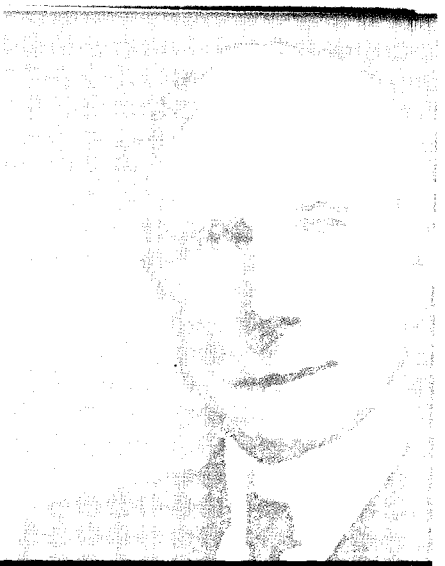

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